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Poetry.

A TRAGEDY—IN SIX LETTERS.

A.

She looked into the druggist's eyes—
This sweet Detroit maid:
"Can you some castor oil disguise,
Sir, so it won't taste?" she said.

B.

"Of course I can, with greatest ease,"
Was the an'ling clerk's reply.
"And whilst it's being done, say, please,
Will you our soda-water try?"

C.

The soda-water charmed the miss,
So nicely was the syrup mixed.
"Thank you," she gently said, "for this;
I'll wait till you the oil have fixed."

D.

Full twenty minutes passed away,
He waiting on others, well and sick.
"See here, young man," said she, "I say,
I want that oil, and want it quick!"

E.

"My dear," did the dapper clerk reply,
His eyes mischievously winking;
"The oil you wished I put, on the sly,
In the soda you just were drinking!"

F.

"O Lord!" she groaned, with deep-drawn sigh,
Her cheeks the hue of lobster;
"The oil was not for me, O, my!
'Twas for my baby sister!"

—*New York World.*

HER LETTERS.

They hadn't any slugar talk—but they kem from her, you know,
Jes' sort o' tol' the weather an' the 'mount o' rain or snow
That fell down sence she wrote me last, an' p'raps there'd be a word
About her musick lessins, or that p'raps that she had heard
'At I was spoonin' 'round, again, that girl o' old Miss Peters,
The one wot had the voice, you know, they took to tune egg-beaters.

But still I liked to git 'em, for they seemed to kind o' say,
'At she hadn't quite forgot about that sunshiny June day
She hurt her foot, an' spoilt her dress, an' scratched her pritty face,
A-lookin' for a lily-pond that 'wus some other place;
An' all the other little times we ust to have, us two,
When the han's o' the ole kitchen clock jes round its ole phiz flew.

But a great black cloud o' doubt an' pain kem o'er our happy sky,
An' hid from me the treasure wot no worl'y wealth kin buy
From a poor chap—the restin'-spot where he has laid his heart,
When in solitas he sees his sorrers go an' all his woes depart;
The time his heart gits kind o' soft, jes like a sponge, you know,
An' swells up big an' seems to take in all this 'arth below.

So, when I kem to burn her notes, an' see them in the flame,
I thought about the chap, the feller—you know wot's his name—
'At writes the portry stuff about "the ashes o' dead hopes,"
An' how the folks through this dark world o' sin an' trial gropes,
An' when the last one burned—set still now, stranger, don't you rise!
It's jes this blame' terbacca smoke got in my pesky eyes!

—*N. Y. Times.*

Our Story Teller.

A FORTUNATE ERROR.

NEW YEAR'S DAY fell on Tuesday and the train which pulled out of the Broad Street Station at noon on the preceding Saturday carried a notable crowd of the nice people bound in various directions, but all to spend the holiday out of town. With only two of them has our story to do, with the two young men who found themselves vis-a-vis in the smoker of the new drawing room car Tippecanoe. Both were of that mould which wins a second glance, of athletic build, aristocratic in appearance and evidently gentlemen. Both carried valises and, strange to say, both bags were of the Gladstone pattern, large brown leather ones of the same size. These they deposited beside them, removed their hats and topcoats and made themselves comfortable without intruding upon the comfort of the other. Soon they were established in one another's liking and before long they had exchanged cards, cigars and, confidences; the latter, though, of a very limited nature.

Lyle Kingsland was a member of the Stock Exchange, a private in the Troop, a member of the Sparring, Rittenhouse and Gun clubs and belonged to the right set generally. He was bound for Virginia, where he expected to spend a week with his friend Murdock Frazar, have a run with the Piedmont Puntan

THEIR FIRST MEETING.

association fox hunters and do a little running on his own initiative for Katharyn Frazer, Murdock's pretty and rich sister, Harwood Rolt, who occupied the smoker with Kingsland, was, though also well built, of smaller physique. He introduced himself as the junior member of a large London banking firm and had charge of the Quebec branch of the house. He was to spend his holidays in Washington, spoke of his friends in Bagtown-North's, the Undercutts and the Wetneys, but carefully avoided to mention that his mission was to win, if he could, the elder Miss Biggs, one of the wealthiest girls at the capital. The contrast between Rolt and Kingsland was marked. The latter easy, of quiet disposition, methodical, almost mechanical, rarely changing his position but for one of greater comfort. He would have been selected as a man of brains in any assemblage. Rolt was also a man of evident culture, but his clothing was a trifle too conspicuous. His hands showed little traces of other work than the manicure's, and he was perfumed and pomaded. He was loquacious and fidgety, talked about all sorts of things at once and was just the kind of butterfly to be welcome to the homes of the Bagtown-North's, the Undercutts and the Wetneys.

CHAPTER II.

At the little depot at Emmaville, Lyle found Murdock Frazar awaiting his coming, and in the little lane just to the left he was introduced to Katharyn, who held the reins over two of the finest mares from the Frazar stables. The introduction was too hasty and the ride too brisk to permit of more than a few every-day remarks, but it did not prevent Lyle's feeling that he was with a beautiful woman, behind a team of noble animals, and that he was being driven in the Virginia twilight by some of the old historic mansions. Neither, sinner that he was, did it prevent his noticing that Katharyn was taller than most women; that she controlled the team with nerve and skill, that her hair was of the color that approaches a winter sunset, the color that her horses were white. Arrived at Frazar Lodge, and Mr. Frazar having introduced himself, they sat down to dinner in the open hall-like looking dining-room, where a single pine stick blazed and spitted on the hearth. Besides Katharyn and her father, Murdock and Lyle, there were "and Harry Norney Nolt, the old housekeeper from place of Mr. Frazar dependent rule for the men, but more youths and an

"No attorney's are needed, a
diers against employing any, a Katharyn's
reason why I have been thus wan
licously assailed by them.

"Make formal application by letter
himself to be thoroughly at home; he wanted to make no false step, to do noth-

OPENING THE VALISE.

ing that could even but slightly displease Mr. Frazar. He succeeded admirably. They discussed the tariff, trade, the crops, home rule for Ireland, politics, the men for the next Cabinet, the Scotch church, Mr. Frazar's wine, horses and hunting, but in everything he allowed the elder gentleman to lead, following, or speaking independently, as he judged in politics. With a promise to be up early Lyle retired. He was contented, maybe he was happy, but these feelings were short-lived.

He had gathered from Murdock's remarks that Frazar pere, a Scotchman of the old school, was crusty and queer, loved his toddy, his pipe, and his own ways and fancies better than anything else, and had little regard for the ways and doings of the fashionable folk anywhere. He loved his elegant Virginia place, he had lived there for 30 years and he meant to die and hoped to be buried there. Of Katharyn, Lyle had heard but little, and trusted to his good sense, his good luck and his good looks to please her. To win the approbation of Mr. Frazar was his care. He had brought with him a good assortment of hunting material, but his valise was barren of all sorts of fineries. A few changes of linen, a couple of stout business suits, the inevitable "swallow-tail," and his toilette necessaries completed the contents. Having partially undressed he prepared to retire. He unstraped the valise, noticing that the straps and buckles worked a trifle less smoothly than usual. His keys would not fit at all, which annoyed him, but being an adept at most things, he opened the bag by loosening the hinges and clasps. Had he dined too heartily? Had he drunk too heavily? Was he himself? Who was he?

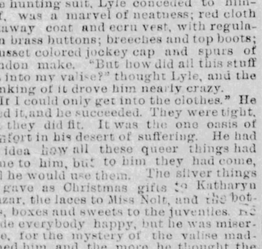
These were the thoughts that presented themselves to his troubled mind as that awful valise lay open before him, its contents exposed to his unbelieving gaze. He would not unpack it, he could not, he dared not. His hands were heavy and paralyzed, his fingers numbed, his arms powerless, when he made the attempt, so he threw himself on the bed to sleep. What a sleep it was that came to him! No soothing slumber; only a restless, fitful, fretful waking, each leaving him more exhausted than the last. Did he dream? Yes; and the dreams they were. Every crime in the category was presented to his vision, every horror in the decalogue was presented to his mind. Did he but close his eyes he saw the Inferno; did he lay awake the miseries of the madhouse were pictured on the walls and ceilings. At last, after hours of torture, with a desperate effort he unpacked that valise. And its contents? Several articles of hammered silver for ladies' use and just suitable for presents, glove cases and handkerchief boxes, the loveliest of laces, the cutest of cut-glass toilette bottles, and the sweetest of bonbonnieres, occupied one compartment. The other contained fancy night shirts, embroidered underclothing, collars and cuffs of the loudest, scarfs of the gayest colors, socks of the newest stripes, two suits of indescribable hues and a regular English hunting suit, among its things. The hunting suit, Lyle conceded to himself, was a marvel of neatness; red cloth cutaway coat and ecru vest, with regulation brass buttons; breeches and top boots; a russet colored jockey cap and spurs of London make. "But how did all this stuff get into my valise?" thought Lyle, and the thinking of it drove him nearly crazy.

"If I could only get into the clothes." He tried it, and he succeeded. They were tight, but they did fit. It was the one oasis of comfort in his desert of suffering. He had a glimmering how all these queer things had come to him, but to him they had come, and he would use them. The silver things he gave as Christmas gifts to Katharyn Frazar, the laces to Miss Nolt, and the bottles, boxes and sweets to the juveniles. He made everybody happy, but he was miserable, for the mystery of the valise maddened him, and the more he thought the less he knew about it. Sunday passed, and Lyle knew that he had made an impression on Katharyn, and that the old gentleman was not averse to him. Monday, betimes, the family men, already mounted, and started for the meet of the Piedmont Puntan association. It was a good gallop of five miles, but not for a moment was Lyle unconscious of having made a sensation. Why he could not tell. He knew that he had a good seat, quiet, firm, and well forward, but his riding was not exceptional. During the run he still felt that he was being admired; to be sure, he took the stone and worm fences with a dash and covered them clear, but so did others, and his horse was to be praised as much as he. Lyle ran the fox down, and as he handed Katharyn the brush he realized that she looked on him with pride.

At luncheon he was petted by all the ladies but Katharyn occupied him as much as possible. He could not account for his popularity, for there were handsomer men and better riders at the hunt. In the afternoon at home, Lyle donned one set of the parti-striped, many-colored suits, and again he was an important personage. Even Murdock commended him upon his "get up" and Mr. Frazar spoke of his elegant dressing. Dressed for the dance in the evening, he was surprised, as he looked at himself in the mirror. Surely it was Lyle Kingsland who confronted him, but how was he dressed. His collar reached to the base of his ears, his shirt was one expanse of bosom, his coat seemed to be unfinished, for it had no tails, and the trousers had an inch of satin striped down the legs. There was no vest, but he had substituted a broad band of cream silk with a thread of silver through it. In New York he would have committed suicide rather than appear so, but at Frazar's it would do. At the dance he was a sort of divinity; the women flattered him and the men envied him. Each day in the week he astonished himself and amazed the household and its guests with some new idiosyncracy of costume. Before leaving Frazar Lodge he knew that he had captivated Katharyne and had won the admiration of her father. He even thought he could have the Frazar homestead for the asking. He knew, too, that his success would end in his having posed malagrua as a dude. But a question he could not answer was: "Why had he been compelled to pose as a dude?"

CHAPTER III.

Heywood Rolt took a herdic at the Sixth street station in Washington, directing the driver to Burnley's hotel, but to stop at the Bagtown-North's on the way up. His call was very brief, just long enough to pay



ROLT CALLS ON MISS BIGGS.

his respects, tell them he had brought a few holiday novelties from Tiffany's and to cordially ask and accept an invitation to a dance for the same evening. He hastened to Burnley's, bathed, was barbered, and prepared to prepare for the evening. His valise would not open. He sent for the head porter, who irreparably ruined it in getting it unfastened. Poor Rolt. He shivered, he trembled, he cried as he looked at what was inside of that ruined valise. He turned the bag about, but he could neither fathom the depths of the prestidigitation nor assuage the anguish he felt. He had bought the latest in everything to wear; he had purchased and packed the prettiest presents he could find, but where were they? Certainly not forgotten at his hotel in New York, for he distinctly remembered having put them in his valise. Groaning in his agony and sore with rage, he sat down to think. He could not think. He would not dress and go out. Dress! where was his lovely tailless coat, his fancy waistband, his new London-made trousers? He pulled out the few quiet suits that were in the compartment and threw them on the sofa; the underwear he disdainfully flung across the room; the toilet articles he would not even touch. His hunting coat gone, his boots and breeches missing. What did it mean? Do something he must, or he would be a maniac.

He put on one of the plain white dress shirts and the plain dress suit. It was a trifle roomy, but he could wear it. He would not go to the Bagtown-North's affair that evening; he had no heart for it. He would send the young ladies his presents with his regrets. His presents! And then he recalled the awful truth. He would send flowers. Too late, the stores were closed. He sent his regrets, the sincerest of his life. He would go to the Metropolitan club and let them gaze upon his collars, his cuffs and his neckwear. Oh! would this hideous nightmare never leave him? Poor Heywood. Early in the morning he drank himself into a deep sleep. When he awoke he was calmer and more reasonable. It was Sunday and he could buy nothing, so he resolved to make the best of it. He put on the quietest of the business suits and called for Miss Biggs to go to church. She was so pleased with him. He was not the fop she had previously known; his sorrow had made him serious. He was less effusive and less demonstrative. In spite of his faults Heywood was no fool, and he made most of the advantage chance had given him. He devoted himself to Miss Biggs, went walking, riding, shopping with her; he forsook the Bagtown-North's, the Undercutts and the Wetneys. He did so because he had no clothes to wear in society, but Miss Biggs knew it not and she found him to be a true admirer, an ardent wooer and a self-sacrificing lover. Miss Biggs was 36 and, to speak charitably, very plain. Before the week was out Heywood Rolt's engagement to the rich Miss Biggs was announced, but he could not tell himself to what kind fate he owed his transition from a no dude to a well dressed gentleman of the day.

CHAPTER IV.

The New York express was about to start from the Baltimore & Ohio depot in Washington when two gentlemen reached the rear smoker at the same moment. They were about to step on the platform to-

MEETING AGAIN.

gether when both halted, and each looked questioningly at the other. They were Lyle Kingsland and Heywood Rolt, and the recognition was mutual and cordial. They were dressed as they had been when they first met going south; they had the same rugs and carried the same valises. As their eyes rested upon the other's traveling bag an incredulous smile crossed the visage of each, for then it dawned upon them that an accidental change of valises in the smoker had been the cause of their many trials and tribulations.

"Sir," said Rolt, "you have had my valise for a week; you have been wearing my clothes, and have doubtless disposed of my presents."

"And you, sir," answered Lyle, "seem to have been equally free with mine. You seem, also, to have spoiled my valise for me."

"For what I have done to you or yours I have no regret," said Rolt, "for I am engaged to the richest girl in Washington, and simply through wearing your clothes."

"And I have won the dearest girl in Virginia through the accident and having to be a dude for a week," were Lyle's cheering words.

The ride to New York was a pleasant one. Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Kingsland and Mr. and Mrs. Heywood Rolt occupy adjoining suites at the fashionable Choimondeley Flats, but the ladies do not yet know how they came to be Mrs. Lyle Kingsland and Mrs. Heywood Rolt.

Texas Siftings Tattle.

Time was made for shaves, says the barber.

The man who has all sorts of friends has no friends.

A drunken father can make a home run, when they see him coming.

Tom Moore said he never loved a dear gazelle. He liked them cheap, perhaps.

A Vermont farmer claims to have some cattle that laugh. They are the laughing stock of the neighborhood.

Morton is expected to give more tone to Washington society than any Vice President we have had in some time.

Hogarth could sketch any face that pleased him on his thumb nail. Some people could practice the sculptor's art under theirs.

The critics who gush so extravagantly over star actresses and prima donnas are liable to die from an overdose of laudenum.

How would Winter Wheat do as a title for William Winter's forthcoming volume of poetry? There won't be much chaff about it, we are certain.

"If you want to see me any time, judge, you know where to fine me," remarked a wag the other day after the court had ordered him sent up to the Island.

A young Wall street man who was thrilled by a kiss from the lips of his fiancee the other evening, asked her if she wasn't in the electric sugar business. She said she was Friendly to it.

A Little Aged, but 'Twill Serve.

The following conversation is said to have occurred on the floor of Congress the other day, and is given on the responsibility of Hon. Isaac R. Hill. The talk took place between Major McKinley, of Ohio, and Major Martin, of Texas, both gentlemen being inveterate smokers:

Major Martin—Major McKinley, you ought not to smoke those inter-state cigars.

Major McKinley—What do you mean by inter-state cigars?

Major Martin—Why, I mean cigars that when smoked in one state can be smelt in all the other states.

Major McKinley—And you, Major Martin, should not smoke those Robinson Crusoe cigars of yours.

Major Martin—What do you mean by Robinson Crusoe cigars?

Major McKinley—Why, castaways, of course.

Major Martin is now an enthusiastic advocate of McKinley for the speakership.

After the Holidays.

Young Man—This ring was bought here during the holidays for $75. I am in need of a little money, and I'll let you have it for $50.

Jeweler—The price of that ring was only $15.

"But, my dear sir, the price mark, $75, is still on the box."

"I know it is. I changed it from $15 to $75 at the request of the young lady who bought it. I'll give you $3 for it if you wish to sell."

Young man (after recovering from his astonishment)—Hand out the money.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Grand Snow-Slide.

A tremendous snow-slide recently came down the northern face of Castle Peak, Cal., sweeping everything before it. Its track can be plainly seen from a point on Mount Snowden high enough to overlook the intervening ridge. Judging from the furrow in the side of the mountain it must have been a terrific affair. Starting near the summit, it multiplied in volume, taking rocks and earth to the depth of many feet. At the timber line it cut a swath 100 yards wide and left not a tree standing for half a mile along the base of the peak. Where it finally stopped a youhg mountain of huge boulders, earth and shattered trunks of trees, many of them three and four feet in diameter, blocks a deep ravine.

CHILDREN'S ROUND TABLE.

Prattle of the Little Angels of the Household.

A NEW PERFUME.

The church was beautifully decorated with sweet Spring flowers and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve and whispered, "Oh, mamma, don't it smell solemn."—*Harper's Young People.*

CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A teacher in the infant department of an Eighth Ward Sunday-school recently observed a five-year-old girl in the class making desperate efforts to suppress an exhibition of something which seemed to please her wonderfully. Thinking that relieving her mind might quiet the child, the teacher inquired the cause of her merriment.

"Why," exclaimed the child, "my dramma's dead and papa's doin' to let me sing at ze funeral zis af'ernoon."

THEOLOGICAL SUGGESTION.

"Mamma, is it true," questioned Bobby, fresh from Sunday school, "that we are only worms?" "Yes, Robert," replied the mother, "we are but worms of the earth." "Say, then," he continued with animation, as if wrestling with a new and momentous discovery, "maybe ain't that the reason that the whale swallowed Jonah?"—*Troy Times.*

MISAPPLIED PITY.

Having lost his wife when his only child—a little girl—was but six years old, Sandy McPherson decided to venture again on the stormy sea of matrimony. His second wife was by no means a success. She was very kind to little Maggie, but she ruled her husband with a rod of iron. His club knew him no more, his latchkey was confiscated, his pipe tabooed and his life generally made wretched. Rumors of the altered state of things soon spread abroad, and an old lady, meeting Maggie on her way to school, kissed the little maid warmly, bought her a big poke of sweets and said:

"Puir wee lassie, ye've only a stepmither the noo; eh bit I'm gey sorry for ye, dearie."

"He'ne no' needin'," said Maggie, solemnly; "but I like ye tae feel awfu' sorry for ma puir faither."

CLOSELY ASSOCIATED INDEED.

There is wisdom in even the simple remarks of a child, if we will only try to see it. A friend has a boy, a very bright little fellow of some eight or nine years. A short time since he told his mother he could not go to school, because he had a bad pain in his stomach, and when she questioned him, he said: "It's just like the one I had last summer." "Oh, no, Freddie," said his mother, "that was in your head." The little fellow thought for a moment and then answered slowly: "Well, mamma, my stomach isn't far from my head."

AN AMUSING "LITTLE GREENHORN."

A very little girl in the infant class of one of our city Sunday schools, came home last Sunday and told her mother that the teacher had taught them a new song. On expressing a wish to hear it, the mother was much astonished at the following sentence, which was all the child could remember: "I'm a little greenhorn among a half a wheese." The words which had been misunderstood by the child, were these: "I am a little gleaner among the harvest sheaves."—*Hartford Courant.*

AS TO BREATHING.

A boy fourteen years old, recently imported from Kentucky, handed the following in as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was: "Tell all you can about the breathing." He said: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hold in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corosits that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagrams is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I'd rather be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram."

GETTING INTO DEEP WATER.

A friend has a bright ray of sunshine in the shape of a pretty little daughter who, like most children, says some funny things. Not long ago the little one, after having been very quiet for a few minutes, asked her mother if God knew all things.

"Yes, he does," was the reply.

"Does he know all that you or me does?"

"Yes, I think he does."

"Ma, does he know all that I am going to think?"

"Every thought, my dear."

"How does he know it afore I think it?" And the little one looked up innocently and terribly in earnest. It is not stated whether the mother answered the poser or not.

JOE'S RED-LETTER DAY.

Little Joe, who lives next door to me, is a queer chap, about 3 years old. The other morning my door bell rang, and as I was in the front hall I opened the door. There stood Joe, his eyes blazing and out of breath, and before I could think twice he yelled, "I've got my flannel drawers on!" I told him I was glad to hear it, and inquired after his health with so much kindness that he promised to call again.—*Chicago Herald.*

CO-OPERATION.

Little Darling—That was a white sugar almond I gave oo, Mr. Squeams. Does oo like it?

Crusty Old Bachelor (who is trying hard to swallow the dainty in question)—Very much, indeed, thank you.

Little Darling—It was pink once.

RETRIBUTION.

After having inflicted corporal punishment on Paul the other day, I took him and told him how it hurts me when he is naughty and I have to whip him. On the next occasion he asked: "Mamma, did it hurt you when you whipped me this time?" "Yes, dear, it always hurts me when I have to punish you." "That serves you right for whipping me."—*Babyhood.*

A TURNOVER PIE.

The other day at dinner papa was handed a piece of pie which had been accidentally inverted on the plate. Mamma remarked: "I hope papa eats that pie that way I'm afraid he will turn upside down." Six-year-old immediately spoke up: "Then the the pie will be right side up, won't it, papa?"—*Babyhood.*

IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

Little Dot—Mamma, papa was readin' in the paper 'bout a oatmeal mill that exploded awful in Chicago.

Mamma—I—I suppose the meal was not managed carefully.

Little Dot—I dess so. May be they didn't put enough sugar on it.

ONLY ONE YANKEE.

A little girl came home from school the first day and when asked how she liked school said: "There ain't but one Yankee in the whole school; that one is John Jones, and he is an Irishman,"—*Detroit Free Press.*

FRUIT OF EXPERIENCE.

Bobby has been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed, Bobby," replied the minister indulgently; "and what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," answered Bobby, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A Fatal Mistake.

Ambitious Mamma—"Ethel, didn't I see young Mr. Ferguson paying particular attention to you last evening at the party?"

Ethel—"Yes, mamma; but I snubbed him effectually before the evening was over."

Mamma—"Horror of horrors! Are you crazy?"

Ethel—"Not at all, mamma; not this winter. His father is an ice-packer."

Mamma—"Yes, but he makes artificial ice."

(Daughter faints.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

Not Custom Work.

"Ah, darling," he murmured rapturously as he entangled his arm about her neck, "you couldn't be nicer if you had been made to order."

Then the girl disentangled his arm, and rising to her full height, said in a low, ice-can-never-be tone of voice:

"Benjamin Harrison Whittington, Catharine E. Bird is no hand-me-down-girl."

IN GOD'S NEIGHBORHOOD.

The Polls Are Guarded With Shotguns and Election Frauds Unknown.

"Pap, man hollered hello."

An old fellow arose from a humped over position in front of the fire, stood in the door of his cabin, and after gazing a few moments, exclaimed:—

"Light an' look at your saddle."

A well dressed man dismounted and approached the cabin. "Come right in," said the landlord. "Here, take this cheer. Got a hickory bark bottom an' I reckon its strong enough to hold you."

The visitor sat down, and, after holding quite a spirited conversation with the host, suddenly remarked:

"My friend, I have come into this neighborhood to investigate reports of recent election frauds. It may be a dangerous undertaking, but I thought it better to come alone. Now you seem to be an honest man and can doubtless give me much information. Who were the candidates for Congress in this district?"

"Jim Lane an' Bob Turner."

"Which one was elected?"

"Turner."

"Democrat or Republican?"

"Neither. Both candidates run on their own hook."

"Was there, as far as you know, any fraud?"

"None er tall. We don't give countenance to that sort uv thing in this here community."

"I am glad to hear it. So Turner was elected without any trouble?"

"No trouble er tall, I tell you. We was fur him, an' that settled it. We was so certain that he was the right man that we turned out. But that would er been trouble, though, ef we had let Lane's men vote. They come down ter the polls, but we cocked our guns an' told them that the skeercer they made themselves the better it would be fur 'em. They hummed an' hawed an' swore that they would vote. Now, we air powerful peaceable here in this community. This is God's neighborhood, an' we was determined that thar shouldn't be no row, so we snatched up several uv the hot-headed leaders, tuck 'em off, tied 'em an' locked 'em up till the election was over. Yes, sir, ef we had er let them fellers have their way thar would er been fraud, for the most uv Lane's men in this neighborhood is to ignunt to vote, nohow. I tell you that election frauds is gittin' too thick, an' they oughter be stopped. Why, over at Hensley's store we had ter kick four uv Lane's men. They swore they would vote whether or no, an' our boys just nachully had ter settle 'em."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Funny Fakes.

Smith—How are Quilpen's poems selling?

Robinson—Oh, biggest sell you ever saw!—*Burlington Free Press.*

Tallboy—Why don't the art school have any windows on the sides of the building?

Sawdof—Guess they are afraid the models might make their escape.—*Minneapolis Star.*

Minister—I notice that you are much closer in your attendance at the church in winter than in summer, Mr. Jones. Jones—Well, there ain't much fun going fishing when the thermometer is at zero.—*Boston Courier.*

Metaphysical—Smith—Is it possible for one to give what he does not possess?

Smith—Certainly; there's Robinson, for instance. He has given me I don't know how many ideas; and yet I can swear that he never had an idea in the whole course of his life.—*Boston Transcript.*

Auntie—Come in, dear, you might catch cold and die, and we should have to put you in a deep hole; then what would mama say?

Two-Year Old—Mama would say: "Ethel, come out of that dirt, naughty puss."—*Exchange.*

"Stop the press!" cried a Quaker city night editor in wild alarm.

"What's the matter?" inquired the foreman.

"There's nothing in the paper about John Wanamaker!"—*Chicago Times.*

Great wisdom in this proverb
Undoubtedly doth lie,
As he who sells it doubtless saw
How time can fly.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I hear that son you have at college is the best athlete of his class," remarked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes," growled old Griggs, "he can beat anything I ever heard of running into debt."—*New York Sun.*

"Ah, you are out with Miss Bromley?"

"Oh, no. She made me a present last night. I asked her for her hand, and she gave me the next thing to it."

"The mitten?"

"Precisely."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Head for the Main Up—Country Groom (nervously fingering a dollar bill, to minister)—Well, Mr. Smithers, 'bout what are you goin' to tax me for the job?"

Minister—Oh, about a couple o' dollars, Hawbuck, will make it square."

Country Groom (reaching down into his pocket)—A couple o' dollars! (with a sigh.) Well, there you are, Mr. Smithers. I s'pose it's cheap enough, but that extra dollar is goin' to cut short the weddin' tower, an' don't you fergit it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Hit or Miss.

1. What miss is that whose company no one wants? Mis-fortune.

2. What misses are those whose days are all unlucky? Mis-chance and Mis-hap.

3. What miss is always making blunders? Mis-take.

4. What misses are of very jealous temper? Mis-give and Mis-trust.

5. What miss occasions a great many quarrels? Mis-understanding.

6. What miss is a very bad mantua-maker? Mis-shape.

7. What miss is very disobedient and disorderly? Mis-rule.

8. What misses can never find a thing when they want it? Mis-lay and Mis-place.

9. What three misses are great liars? Mis-represent, Mis-inform and Mis-report.

10. What miss is awkward and rude? Mis-behave.

11. What miss plays more tricks than a monkey? Mis-chief.

12. What two misses should travelers avoid? Mis-guide and Mi-lead.

13. What miss never studied an arithmetic? Mis-reckon.

14. What miss is very extravagant? Mis-spent.

15. What miss will ruin a man? Mis-management.

16. What miss should never attempt to translate? Mis-interpret.

17. What miss should never repeat anything she reads or hears? Mis-quote.—*N. Y. World.*

He Would Forget the Meat.

"Miss Clara," he began, passionately, "let me open my heart to you; let me tell you how long and deeply I have loved you; how from the first moment your sweet presence beamed upon me, I have——"

Just then a deafening noise outside disturbed them and they hastened to the window. After resuming their seats, he went on:

"Oh—er—h'm—singular—what was the subject of our conversation when we were interrupted? Ah, yes, I remember. From the moment your sweet presence first dawned upon me, I have longed to make you my wife."

"That can never be, Mr. Chalk," replied the girl firmly, "you are too absent-minded."—*The Epoch.*

A Free and Easy "Novice."

"Mrs. Brown is something of an artist," said a middle-aged man to an 18-year-old at a Delmonico ball, as he indicated a thin, scrawny, hollow-chested woman.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes; she has skill in sculpture. She has modeled several busts admirably."

"Well, then, she ought to make a go at her own."

The man wondered if he had confused his ears by putting too much champagne into his mouth, and went off to the dressing room to take a critical observation of himself in a mirror.

Powerful Cigars.

A visits B, who offers a cigar.

A.—But, my dear friend, how can you smoke such a vile weed as this?

B.—They are the best cigars that are made. As soon as I light one my mother-in-law skips out of the room.

A Prudent Mother.

Clara—Mother, just think of it!

Mother—What is it, my daughter?

Charles has insured his life for my benefit for $50,000."

"He has? Well, now, my daughter, there is no longer any objection to your making him that angel cake you have been talking about."—*Texas Siftings.*

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

THE BLADE'S $2,500 STORY.

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CHAPTER I.

"LOVE KNOWS NO LAW."

THE quiet burgh of Doncaster, situated on the line where the hill country meets the champaign land, is old as compared with the majority of the cities of Ohio, for it dates its founding to within six years of that of the earliest settlement of the state. It is located upon a broad plateau bordering a wide river valley, while in its rear a high sand-stone cliff, whose summit is two hundred feet above the level of the town, stands like a watch tower on the borders of the hill country.

The county of which it is the shire-town is one of the most fertile and wealthiest of the state. Doncaster's people are proud not only of the historic place of which they are citizens, but of the number of great men of whom it has been the birth-place and cradle. It has given the nation two renowned Cabinet ministers, the second greatest military chieftain in our annals, and furnished such a considerable number of notable men in state and national politics, that some of its citizens have been prominent from the earliest settlement down to the present day.

Like all the other towns in that section, its growth, while not particularly rapid, has been a steady one, and the gradually increasing area of streets and houses has brought many of the out-lying farms within the compass of the city. In most cases, this gradual absorption was considered a benefit by the farmer, who gladly staked his fields out into city lots and disposed of them at a vast advance upon their value considered simply as corn and wheat fields. There was one notable exception to this rule—one sturdy old farmer who inherited his broad acres from a far-seeing father, and who declined most peremptorily to allow it to be cut up by streets and divided into lots; and so strong was his opposition that his farm, located on the northwestern borders of the little city, still retained its boundaries intact, the tide of population rolling north and east, and leaving that portion of the farm in its original state, so one could pass, by merely scaling a fence, from paved streets into fields smiling with a harvest of golden grain, or redolent with the breath of clover.

The owner of this property was John Hargreave, familiarly known as "Uncle John" to the majority of the people of the town; though why he should have received this title is one of those mysteries of popular nomenclature which no one can fathom. In the first place, he had neither nephew nor niece; and in the second, his character was exactly the reverse of that which is generally signified by the word "uncle."

He was a tall, strongly-built man, past middle age, with that stoop in his shoulders which come from early and persistent toil. He had been a hard worker from the time that he was old enough to drive a horse or hold a plow, until his keen business ability had placed him far above the reach of want. He was wealthy—at least as wealth was considered in that agricultural community; and although he had ceased the hard toil of a farmer's life, his days were by no means idle. The limits of the farm by no means measured his entire possessions. With the keen eye of a speculator he had early invested his savings and profits in mills, and in coal lands some miles down the valley; and in the management of his growing estate, he found ample occupation.

At the time this story opens his family consisted of himself, his maiden sister, aunt Betsey, and his daughter Milly, who was perhaps the only human being for whom Uncle John had possessed any real affection. Drilled by a hard-working, close-fisted father, into the mean economies which were a necessity to the hardy settlers in the days when Ohio was emerging from the wilderness, his mind had taken the same bent, and he well deserved the reputation given him throughout the county of being "the hardest man to drive a bargain this side of the Alleghanies."

As a gnarled and knotted bush is refined by the most beautiful roses, the hard and ungracious life of John Hargreave was relieved by the presence of his lovely daughter. Milly was just ripening into perfect womanhood; the narrow economies of the father had always been relaxed so far as his daughter was concerned. From the time of her mother's death, when Milly was but eight years old, there had been nothing that the father could do for his child that had been left undone. He had given her the best education that could be obtained in Doncaster, with the further advantage of a year in a finishing school at Baltimore; and when, two years before the time at which this story opens, she had returned to her father's house, she had been the acknowledged belle of Doncaster society.

Loving Milly as he did, it was not strange that John Hargreave looked askance at the young men who flocked around his daughter, fearing that each cherished in his heart a desire to take her away from the old farm-house to become the mistress of a new home. These young gentlemen intuitively discerned the hostility to any such proceeding on his part, and their amatory advances were made, as far as possible, without his knowledge. Milly's bright smiles and gay words might seem to an impartial observer to be distributed on all alike, but it finally came to be a conviction of the gossips of Doncaster that there was an added brightness in her smile when it beamed on Harry Follett, and an extra warmth in her tones whenever she was addressing him.

It is not probable, had Milly deliberately set herself to find the lover most obnoxious to her father, that she could have selected one less to his liking than this young man. But "love knows no law," and his fine form, handsome features and engaging manners found favor in her eyes where more solid attainments and more enduring qualities found none. Harry was the son of a lawyer whose reputation in that profession, considerable as it was, was more than surpassed by his record as a jolly comrade and convivial habits. Harry had followed his father's footsteps as regards the choice of a profession. He had been in practice as a lawyer in Doncaster for three or four years, with a fair degree of success for a young man; but there were those among the older inhabitants who shook their heads when his name was mentioned, and sagely remarked that, while Harry was bright, like his father, he had the "same failings."

Milly Hargreave sat idly before the fire in the wide, low-celled sitting room of the old farm-house. She was indeed fair to look upon, and made a picture, as the dancing firelight illumined the fluffy ringlets of

"WHAT PROMISE, HARRY?"

dark brown hair, while the last beams of the departing day added a softened, faraway touch to her blooming cheek and increased the luster of her dark-brown eyes, which were made darker by contrast. She was just above medium height, with that willowy slenderness which tells that the full maturity of person has not yet been reached. She had that most excellent thing in woman, a broad low brow, surmounting an oval face with a slightly brunette complexion that in some way suggested to the observer a Southern origin. There was but little of her father in her looks, save that, when thinking intently, as she was at this moment, there was a somewhat stern look upon her features, that, though in a softened and refined way, suggested her father's characteristics.

Her meditations were brought to an abrupt close by a gentle tap at the side door. She sprang to open it and admitted Harry Follett. One could not wonder on seeing them together that he had been the winner in the race for her affections. His tall, well-knit form was surmounted by a splendid head, covered with curling, dark-brown hair; his face was naturally pale, but its outlines were full and round, and the whiteness of the skin was accentuated by heavy black eye-brows and mustache. Closing the door, he folded the girl in his embrace and imprinted a light kiss on her upturned brow.

"All alone, Milly?" he whispered.

"Yes, Harry; Aunt Betsey is in her room, and father is away."

"Then I have time to talk with you," and tossing his hat carelessly upon the table, he drew Milly to his side, as he seated himself upon an old fashioned sofa. "I have a great deal that I wish to say to you, and I don't want to be interrupted."

all rest there. Nathan Willson was the last of the family."

"Ah! then his was the latest interment?"

"It was."

"Were you present, Doctor, at the funeral?"

"Yes. I knew Nathan Willson well, and attended him in his last illness."

"Can you tell me, Doctor, which of the graves in the inclosure is his?" pursued the stranger.

"Let me think a moment. Yes—it is in a line with old Eben Wilson's grave—the second to the left. Eben's wife lies first upon his left; Nathan next. He selected the spot himself. But may I ask why you make the inquiry, sir?"

The stranger hesitated. "Simply that I may be certain as to his last resting place. I knew him, and had an anxiety to visit that odd little family cemetery. I felt that I should like to know certainly which of the unmarked graves is his. But one thing more, if I am not intrusive: Nathan Willson's only sister married a lawyer of this place named Follett?"

"Yes."

"She is dead, I presume?"

"She died years ago, long before her husband, and when their son, Harry, was a mere boy."

"Is he the only child?"

"He is."

"The heir to the Willson property?"

The doctor laughed shortly. "Had there been anything worth mentioning to leave, he would have been."

"Pray, what became of the estate?"

"It is hard to say, exactly," replied the doctor. "Old Eben Wilson was wealthy, at least in land. His heirs sold the place, and the money was spent, I hardly know how."

"Did Nathan Wilson not leave any property?"

"Not to amount to anything, as far as I know."

"Ah!" responded the strange voice, in a thoughtful tone. "A sort of queer man, was he not?"

"He probably inherited more of his father's peculiarities than any one of the other children," replied the doctor, curtly.

"Did he leave no will?"

"Yes; but, as I said before, there was nothing of great value to leave."

"Who was named executor?"

"Harry Follett, his nephew."

Jennie had no intention of being a listener to this conversation; but the mention of the singular old burial lot had aroused her attention, and she had followed the speakers without a thought of being an eavesdropper. A short silence followed, broken by her father's voice:

"Is there anything further I can do for you?"

"Not at present, I believe. I have only to thank you for your courteous replies to a stranger's questioning. My name is Morris; I am a lawyer. It may be that I shall need to see you again; if not, I bid you farewell—again expressing my thanks."

Jennie heard her father accompany his visitor to the door, and, with a curiosity that was certainly pardonable, she stepped to the window in time to see that he was a spare, dark-faced man of medium height, neatly dressed, and certainly not one she had ever seen before—for his face was one she could not fail to have remembered, it was so strongly marked, so full of resolute purpose. "I wonder who he can be?" was her thought as she turned to go back to the house.

The subject did not recur to her until that afternoon. Jennie was fond of horseback riding, and was accustomed to daily exercise on a pony which was her especial property. She started from home with the intention of riding to call on a schoolgirl friend living a short distance in the country, but the stranger's visit to her father recurred to her, and she remembered that the Willson burial ground, of which she had often heard but never visited, was reached by the road she was then following. With her to will and to do were generally simultaneous when her own actions alone were concerned, and she went on, determining to make an inspection of it.

A small boy who was angling in a stream across which the road took her, gave her the necessary directions, and in a short time she was traversing a narrow, lonely by-road. Just in the edge of a tract of woodland she saw the six-sided stone wall of the inclosure. It was in a lonely, almost valley, and out of sight of the nearest dwelling, the old Willson homestead, nearly half a mile away.

The Virginia rail fence surrounding the woods prevented her riding up to the inclosure; so Jennie dismounted, opened the bars, and led her pony up to the little cemetery. Fastening him to a convenient bough, she made a close inspection. As her father had said, it was a dressed stone wall, with heavy coping, inclosing a space some thirty feet in diameter, with six sides. There was only one entrance, but even a glimpse of the interior could not be obtained, for this was closed by a door made of boiler-iron, which fitted closely, and was secured by a heavy padlock, whose rusty surface showed that it had not been disturbed for years.

The impossibility of looking within increased Jennie's desire to do so; and she looked about her for some means of getting the coveted glimpse. The top of a funereal-looking Norway spruce towered above the wall, waving gently in the breeze. She started to make the ascent of the wall, but there was no visible means of scaling it at any point.

Jennie's eye noted, however, that a gnarled and misshapen beech tree, growing only a few feet from the wall, threw a little bough strong enough to support her light weight over the wall, only a foot or so above the top. If she could reach this bough, the object was attained. A glance around assured her that her pony was the only living thing within sight. Taking a broken rail from the fence, she placed it against the tree trunk, and gathering her riding skirt on her arm, she managed to scramble into its branches.

It was then easy to get out on the projecting branch, and look down into the inclosure. It was hardly worth the trouble, was Jennie's unspoken thought. The solitary Norway spruce stood sentinel in the center of the ground; and a half-dozen neglected mounds, the most of which were not marked, occupied two straggling rows across it. The grass grew but sparsely in the shaded inclosure, and the surface was burdened with the forest leaves that had fallen inside the wall for many years.

In the row of mounds nearest her, next the spruce tree, was the grave of old Eben Willson, marked with a low free-stone slab, on which was simply carved his name, with the dates of his birth and death. Next on the left were two unmarked mounds, the one nearest the wall being perceptibly fresher than the others.

"That must be the grave of Nathan Willson—Frank Follett's grandfather.—But what name is that on the stone beyond the tree, I wonder?"

Jennie stepped from the bough on which she stood, intending to walk along the broad coping until she could get a better view; but the elastic bough, released from her weight, bent suddenly upward like a spring, and caused her to lose her footing. She grasped at a higher branch, but the twigs broke, and she fell inside the inclosure.

A bed of decaying leaves broke her fall, but the shock was so severe it made her giddy for a few minutes. She lay there, unable to rise, thinking over the luckless plight in which she found herself. Escape without aid from the outside was clearly impossible. She was at least half a mile from the nearest house, and her voice could not be heard at that distance from the inside of that solid enclosure; the road was a solitary one, with only a chance traveler—and she remembered that she had seen nobody after she left the main road; no one at home knew where she had gone; and, worse than all, nightfall was drawing on!

CHAPTER III.

A MINISTER'S WORK.

While the business portion of Doncaster occupied a level plateau, toward the eastern part of the town the ground rose until it formed a long rolling hill, over which the inhabited portion had gradually spread. The northern extremity of its crest was occupied by the Hargreave residence and farm; the southern point had been occupied, ever since the earliest settlement, by a church, from whose porch there is a magnificent view of town and valley. Midway between the two was the parsonage belonging to the church.

It was a plain, comfortable brick building, devoid of architectural ornament—for it had been erected some thirty years ago, and at that time, in the West, houses were presumed to be simply for the use and convenience of their occupants, and money spent in architectural display was deemed to be literally wasted. The front room of the parsonage was used for the pastor's study, and at the very time that Harry Follett and Milly Hargrave were planning their elopement, the pastor, Rev. John Radcliffe, was seated at his study table, intently engaged in jotting down the notes for his next discourse.

He was an extremely tall man, with a heavy shock of sandy hair and a reddish beard. His complexion had been florid in youth, and still retained a color which some of his friends likened to that upon the cheek of a winter apple. He had hardly yet arrived at middle age, though his face bore the impress of a thoughtful, studious life.

Mr. Radcliffe was one of those rare men too infrequently met with in clerical life, who seem born to their holy office, and to whom their people turn instinctively when trouble or sorrow overtakes them. His discourses were such as reached the hearts and daily lives of his congregation; he was not so much an expounder of creed and dogma as of the primary truths of the gospel. Withholding the lightnings of Sinai, he preached "Christ, and Him crucified." His teachings were powerful because he taught nothing to his people that he did not profoundly believe himself and which he did not practice in his daily life. An earnest student, he had followed all the mazes of infidelity and agnosticism, not as the hound upon the trail, intent only upon destruction, but as one realizing that doubts must be met, objections must be overcome. He sought to place the religion he preached upon a basis that should commend itself to human reason. He approached all doubts propounded to him as an unbiased searcher after truth, confident that there is nothing irreconcilable between the revealed Word and the ultimate truth for which all real scientists are seeking.

Mr. Radcliffe was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor—a young man, quiet and reserved in manner, but with a broad, high brow that told of a powerful brain within. Frank Danforth had been born and reared in Doncaster, and the minister had known him from the time he had been a little boy in his Sunday-school. He was now a teacher in the public schools, and at the same time engaged in reading law. The minister looked up with a glad smile, for he was a sincere friend of the young man.

"Ah, Frank! What fortunate wind blows you into my quiet harbor? Sit down, my boy!"

Danforth returned the salutation gravely as he took the indicated chair.

"Well, what is the matter, Frank? Are you in trouble?" inquired Mr. Radcliffe, as he noted his visitor's preoccupied air.

"I am in spiritual trouble, Mr. Radcliffe, and I have come to you for aid."

"And you shall have it if I can afford it. You speak of spiritual trouble, Frank. Has the devil been tempting you?"

"No, I am not specially tempted—if there really by a tempter; but—"

"Ah, Frank! I comprehend you now. 'If there be a tempter,' you said. You are assailed by doubts, I take it."

"I am, indeed."

"Of what nature?"

"I can hardly specify. An 'if' rises before me whenever I begin to speculate upon spiritual things."

The minister gazed earnestly at the young man. "Frank, there are but few to whom I could say, as I say now to you, that I am glad you have reached the stage of doubt."

Danforth gazed at him in astonishment. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply this; when we are young, we take the primal truths of religion on faith. We are taught that these things are so, and we accept them with the unquestioning faith of childhood, nor dream of asking for proofs of their truth. As we grow older, and our minds, broadened in their sweep by education—especially if we have a taste for the marvelous pursuits of science, with its constant questionings of Nature—we lose that implicit belief, and in our communings with ourselves ask, in the recesses of our hearts, whether these things are so. We demand the proofs. The man who never has doubted has a shallow mind. The man who yields to his doubts becomes morbid. The man who solves his doubts is the real Christian. And I repeat it, Frank—I am glad you doubt; for I have faith in you, and believe you will come out of the inevitable struggle the victor—a Christian from conviction, not from blind acceptance. It is but a stage of your mental and spiritual development!"

Frank Danforth's face expressed surprise, and relief. "Then, I infer that you have passed through this stage of doubt yourself?"

"You are right. I have passed through all its stages. You are but on the threshold yet, I imagine. There is a shock to your mind in even feeling a doubt as to the truth of these things which you have been taught are holy—as things revealed by the Almighty himself. Yet you find you *can not* believe. You read the pages of the Word, yet are tormented by the thought—'Is this true?' You kneel in prayer, yet your petitions seem lost in the awful void. The heaven of your childhood seems but an unreplying abyss; the skies are tenantless; eternity is dumb! Is it not so?"

Frank bowed his head in assent.

"You will find," pursued the minister earnestly, "that this stage of general doubt will soon pass away. Your mind, tranmeled by the teachings you have hitherto accepted without question, as yet feels an unwonted impulse to grapple the mighty problems which confront it, with the same methods of inquiry you would use in pursuing a scientific investigation."

"That is it exactly, Mr. Radcliffe!" interrupted the young man. "I am appalled at my rashness—in a finite mind attempting to probe the infinite. You have relieved me; for I feel like one lost in a wilderness who finds a friend suddenly beside him."

"Familiarity will soon cause this to wear off, Frank. You will find that your questionings will soon become specialized. Instead of wondering whether there is any truth in revelation as a whole, you will begin to test it point by point. Then, my boy," and the minister rose to his full height, and grasped the hand of his companion, who had also risen, "I hope to be able to aid you. I have no fear of the ultimate result. Do not fear to doubt, Frank! Fear only that hardness of heart that would prevent your belief!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE MORE FROM CHICAGO.

[From Judge.]

Mr. Calumet—"What clergyman would you like to have officiate at our wedding, my dear?"

Mrs. LAKER—"Oh, Doctor De Tiegh, by all means! He's done all my marrying for years."

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is a purely vegetable preparation, being free from injurious ingredients. It is peculiar in its curative powers.

Robinson's Failure.

I hear that Robinson has failed again," said a New York business man.

"Yes, so I hear," replied the second New York business man.

"Total wreck, everything gone?" said the first.

"Yes, everything gone; all liabilities, no assets at all."

"Yes, that's so. Lost all he's got."

"Yes."

"Well, I knew it had to come."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, said so a year ago."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, Robinson is slow—terribly slow. Why, I have known him to be gone ten minutes to his luncheon. Yes, sir; and he always took seven or eight minutes. Can't succeed in business and waste good time like that. Good-by!"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Not Portable Property.

Mrs. Hobson (to caller)—Oh, by the way, Mrs. Van Blunt, did you know that my husband left the bank and is spending a few days in Canada.

Mrs. Van Blunt—Why, no; that is a surprise to me. And so he really left the bank?

Mrs. Hobson—Yes.

Mrs. Van Blunt—Too heavy, I suppose,—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Old Story.

Little Boy—"Mamma, what's my Christmas book about?"

Mamma—"It is called 'The Sleeping Beauty,' and is about a girl who slept and slept and slept, and there couldn't anybody wake her."

"Was she a hired girl?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

St. Jacobs Oil Cures STIFFNESS, Stiff Neck, Soreness PROMPTLY & PERFECTLY, also SORE THROAT, WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS Surely and Permanently Sold by DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. The CHAS. A. VOGELER Co. BALTO. MD.

Recent Literature.

BOOKS USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING.

The Life of Raphael—Last Chance Junction—The Hon. Geoffrey Wiley—The Story of Hold—Other Interesting Books—January Magazines—Literary Notes.

Art lovers will turn over with pleasure the pages of a book recently published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston. It is "The Life of Raphael," by Herman Grimm, which has been translated into English by Sarah Holland Adams. In the letter from the author to the translator, which prefaces the work, the pleasant words uttered regarding Emerson predispose readers to a sense of agreeable anticipation. He perceives a striking analogy existing in the nature of Raphael and Emerson, and believes that, in his estimate of the former, he has reached the results which would have been approved by the latter. The object of the author seems to have been not simply to give a detail of the incidents of the life of the great artist, but to go deeper. He has tried to trace the progress of his development in his work, to fathom his conceptions and see how far he succeeded in carrying them out, to trace the causes of any failure to realize his ideals, and the conclusion is reached that under circumstances more favorable his genius would have had a nobler development.

The writer was well prepared by a long course of study to do his work well, and readers will be deeply interested in the interpretation he has given to some of the principal products of Raphael's genius, which differs somewhat from that usually offered. The work opens with a description of the influences at work in the century in which the artist's apprenticeship falls—that one immediately preceding the Reformation. It is full of interest, presenting a clear and vivid picture of the time and its influence upon art.

Did space and time permit, it would be pleasant to give quotations from the volume. The style of the author as shown in the translation is terse and vigorous. His convictions are clear and well expressed, and one reads with no sense of weariness.

"Last Chance Junction; Far, Far West," is a new story by Sallie Pratt McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," also published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston. The scene, as the name indicates, is laid in the far West upon the frontier. The principal characters are a handsome scapegrace without one redeeming good quality; a beautiful young girl who falls in love with and marries him to her own bitter suffering, and a brother of the husband, who is a really noble character. The book is full of high lights, too high for any except those who have an appetite for the purely sensational. There are few of the peculiar characteristics that rendered the first book popular. Indeed, one would hardly recognize it as proceeding from the same pen. It will, doubtless, find many readers.

"The Hon. Geoffrey Wiley" is a philosophical novel by Martha Cornell Woodward, of this city. It opens with a letter, which is really the key to the story. It is from a beautiful woman to the man she once loved, who jilted her because she was too intense and too noble for his superficial nature to understand and value. Her letter was called forth by accident, and was finally the means of bringing about a meeting again, when she learned that the old love was absolutely dead in her heart, and a counterfeit had taken its place. Of the way in which all this came about, and the final change which secured her life happiness, we will leave the reader to discover for himself. The character of Geoffrey Wiley is very well drawn, better, perhaps, in that it stands out more distinctly, than that of Ruth Sterling, the heroine. There is a little of what might be called "made to order" in some of the conversations, as they lack spontaneity, and yet, as a whole, the story is pleasantly told, and will form an agreeable entertainment for an hour, better than some more pretentious works. The book is published by G. P. Brown & Company, Chicago.

Twenty-third in the series of "The Story of the Nations" is "The Story of Holland," by J. E. S. Rogers. It is the history of a courageous people, who, as the author asserts, "won Holland acre by acre and field by field against the best European troops of the time, by mutual, mutual prayer, and what seemed to be boundless resources." It is this quality of standing up and staying there of that plucky people that adds much to the interest of their history. The volume is uniform in style and size with the volumes which precede it, and is a clear, concise history of the plucky little kingdom. Published by the Putnams, New York.

"Winter Sketches from the Saddle," by a septuagenarian (Captain John Coleman), is also from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The author of the pleasant little volume is in his 75th year, and is as young in spirit as most men at 40. He is still enjoys games with the boys, and is no slouch at foot-ball. He is very fond of horseback exercise, and sententiously remarks: "But for the horse I should long ago have been in the grave." It is a cheerful, pleasant book, abounding in fine descriptions, and is rich in good suggestions how to live long and make most of life.

"The Tory's Daughter" further described as a "Romance of the Northwest" by A. G. Riddle, is a story of the war of 1812-13, the scene of which is laid upon our Northwest border in the country between Detroit and Cleveland. The events are in the main true to history, and will be likely to awaken an interest in what has seemed to pass into the background in the changes that have come so rapidly. The battle of Fort Stephenson, and the great sea fight of Lake Erie are described. The story is well written, having something of the charm that belonged to the tales of Cooper that were once so popular. It is published by the Putnams.

"Masterpieces." Pope, Æsop, Milton, Coleridge, Goldsmith, with notes and illustrations, edited by H. S. Drayton, is published by Fowler & Wells Co., 775 Broadway, New York. The volume is a combination of features that are novel and attractive, the selections being from authors of the highest distinction, which will supply a little library that young people will appreciate as well as those whose age is presumptive of their better literary judgment. Every reader will thank the editor for Milton's "Comus"—a gem too much overlooked to-day. The selections are "Pope's Essay on Man," "The Fables of Æsop," "The Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge, "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and "The Hermit" of Goldsmith.

"An Errand Girl," is a romance of New York life, by Evelyn Kimball Johnson, which is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. It opens with a visit to Poverty Row, in the great metropolis, by a dressmaker from a Massachusetts village who has made a pilgrimage thither upon an errand of mercy, which is to find the orphan child of a nephew. Her success and the after-events of the boy's life, the search for his little sisters, the wanderings in their love, especially in that of the one from whom the story takes its name. It keeps the interest of the reader to the end, though rather diffuse.

What shall we write about?" This question, asked several hundred thousand times a year in the public schools scattered broadcast over our land, is answered by a little book entitled "One Thousand Composition Subjects" for the use of pupils and teachers, compiled by Miss F. S. Kirkland. It is carefully indexed and will, when once introduced, prove indispensable to the comfort of teacher and pupil. Price 15 cents. For sale by C. M. Barnes, 77 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Literary Notes.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has written a letter to say that she will not visit the United States this year.

D. Lothrop company have in press a volume of stories by H. H. Boyesen, called "Vagabond Tales."

D. Lothrop company have in press a remarkably strong story by a New York lady which is said to be a refutation of much of "Robert Elsmere."

Col. Higginson's "History of the United States" has been done into Italian by Signora Sofia Santanelli.

Kate Sanborn is said to be engaged on a volume to be called "The Eminent Women of New York."

Laidlaw Brothers & Co. have just published a novel pamphlet. It contains the Declaration of Independence in English, French and German in parallel columns, with notes and appendix, political and historical. This is not a bad idea, seeing how many of our voters can't read English with ease.

"Griefenstein" is the title of Marion Crawford's latest novel, which the Macmillans will soon have ready. The same firm will bring out Mrs. Oliphant's new book also—"Neighbors on the Green."

Ouida began her literary career by writing short stories for the English magazines, for which she was glad to receive £1 a page; her English publisher now pays her, it is said, $7,000 for every book she writes.

The number of *Harper's Bazaar* for January 11 contained the first installment of Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story, "The Pretty Sister of Jose." C. S. Reinhart furnishes the illustrations.

Gerome, the French artist best known in America, has assisted in the preparation of an article on himself, which will appear in the February *Century*—the "Midwinter" number.

George H. Jessop, the playwright, will contribute to the February *Scribner* the story of an Irish outrage, called "The Emergency Men," told from the landlord's point of view. C. D. Gibson, of *Life*, will illustrate it.

The new departure of the New York *Ledger* attracts much notice. Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Stevenson are engaged to write for the *Ledger*, and in the current number a learned paper by Dr. McCosh is found beside some very lurid fiction.

"The Japanese Wedding" is a little pamphlet of the sort to be highly useful to our country cousins and to the promulgators of church entertainments anywhere. It is by W. M. Lawlace and is published by Richard Roesch. He tells how to get up a Japanese wedding as a pantomime, with a little introductory talk about the Japanese. A Japanese wedding is peculiarly adapted to pantomime representation, because it is conducted entirely in pantomime in the first place, not a word being spoken during any of the various ceremonies.

In the *Forum* for February, Jules Verne contributes a satirical description of a great American editor in the year 2889. The editor rules the world; he receives ministers of other governments and settles international quarrels; he is the patron of all the arts and sciences; he maintains all the great novelists; he has not only a telephone line to Paris but a telephone line as well, whereby he can at any time from his study in New York see a Parisian writhing in the contortions. Advertisements are flashed on the clouds; reporters describe events orally to millions of subscribers; and if a subscriber becomes weary or is busy he attaches his phonograph to his telephone, and hears the news at his leisure. If a fire is raging in Chicago subscribers in New York may not only listen to the description of an eye-witness, but by the telephone may see the fire.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

MY WIFE AND I.

First year.

My wife is so pretty, well-dressed and so clever,
She's young and so gay, and I'm sure that I never,
Never can see
Why she took me.
For I'm old and I'm fat, she says she don't care,
Tho' I haven't any teeth, and I haven't much hair,
I cannot guess
Why she said yes.

Second year.

I'm beginning to see the wherefore and the why—
The thought springing up like a rocket in the sky;
Nice little plan,
Gold and old man.
Oh, yes! I made my pile when I was young and lean,
But I married my wife when I was old and green—
And thus you see
Why she took me.
LOUISE HOUGHTON.

YEAR by year, as the world grows older, people seem to grow younger in their ways of living, thinking and dressing. At one time a young woman of twenty-five had turned the first corner toward that dreaded fate of old maidenhood. At thirty she married woman put on caps, at forty she was elderly. Sixty was considered a great age, and those who lived beyond that age were considered superannuated. Even men suffered from the disadvantageous belief in years which at one time prevailed. If at fifty he had not made either his mark in the world or his fortune there was no hope for him but to retire from active life and passively await the call of the grim reaper. But at the present day the matter of years is considered as nothing in the struggles and aims of existence. Young men plunge boldly over the burden of years, and few stop to consider their age when starting out in a new enterprise in which all their interests are centered. It is a good thing to forget birthdays and anniversaries, then no one is reminded of the flight of time or tempted to believe himself old. People have not as yet arrived at that state of perfection which they need not die, but everyone can be young in heart until the day of their death and find new pleasures in life and living. The well-worn saying that it is a difficult thing to tell a woman's age, only goes to prove that women are not prone to give themselves up to the tyranny of time. It does not pay to allow one's self to grow old. A belief in everlasting youth keeps at bay crow's feet and wrinkles, and the outward appearance has much to do with the inner consciousness. Persisting in being youthful wards off the aches and pains of old age, each day seems brighter than the one that preceded it, and "Merry goes the time when the heart is young."

It is true that there are reserves in friendship which are a necessity if its sacredness is to be preserved. There must be a respectful regard for individual preferences; also for what may be called individual rights. To great familiarity may not be indulged in, for the result will always be a certain measure of contempt upon one side or the other. To presume that because you have sometime been admitted into the inner recesses of a friend's heart, you are always privileged to enter there without an invitation, is to be quite sure that you are upon the road to a complete rupture. Your interest and sympathy to-day are what he most desires. To morrow he does not wish to be reminded that he was ever in need of them, and if you force such enough to thus remind him, you cause him to think of you with annoyance. That of itself, if often repeated, is fatal to friendship. The true and only way is to receive the confidence with sympathy, and an earnest desire to help if that is required, and then bury it out of sight, until such time as your friend himself resurrects it. Never make him regret that he has opened his heart to your reading, if you would preserve the warmth of his affection.

SPEAKING of necessary reserves even among the best of friends, reminds the salad-server that there occur many examples in every day life. The neighbor who, presuming upon her intimacy, runs into the back door at all hours of the day, penetrates pantry, cellar, parlor and bedchamber uninvited, peers into clothes presses, takes an inventory of the china closet, gazes upon the preparations for a meal, as if nosing the bill-of-fare,—that neighbor will be very likely to some time find the door shut against her, or, if not, the social atmosphere of the house will go down to zero. And yet that sort of thing is often indulged in; there will be a whiteheat intimacy for a season, but the cooling will be sure to come, and when it does, the result is a separation which places the before-time friends as far apart as the poles. Nothing is truer than that the sanctity of a real friendship is only preserved by respecting each the other's individuality.

"DO WOMEN ever make good detectives?" was the question asked the other day. They certainly do, although it is a difficult profession because the work demands an iron nerve, or complete control over the facial expression, and keen insight into human nature. There were a number described in a New York paper awhile ago, who are very successful detectives—one who is named the "Fairy" because she is so tiny, her stories and so very quick in working up cases. She is about thirty-five years old, has a lithe, supple figure, bright, black eyes, and her ways are odd and old-fashioned. Her name is never given to the public, because she is often employed upon criminal cases, and it would be dangerous to have it known. The most distinguished looking woman detective in New York is one employed in the families of the wealthy, who entered into the work accidentally, found it remunerative, and continues in its doing. She is quite handsome and refined-looking, and has an air of superiority about her, combined with a sweet and amiable manner, that is very winning. She is making a fine income.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Faithful Servant.

Mistress—Did you tell Mr. Bangs that I was sleeping?

Margaret—I did, mum.

Mistress—What did he say?

Margaret—He axed me how did I know.

Mistress—And what did you reply?

Margaret—I towld he ye said so yerself.—*The Cartoon.*

THE M'SWATS SWEAR OFF.

Lobelia and Husband Give Up Their Pet Vices.

"Lobelia, my love, another long and delightful evening is before us."

The young husband was arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous, variegated and dazzling complexion, says the Chicago *Tribune*. He sat in a luxurious armchair and rested his tired feet on the soft plush cushions of two other chairs. In his hand he held a magazine of large print, which he was trying laboriously to read with the aid of an eye-glass he had purchased under the deep and solemn conviction that his position in society required him to use something of the kind.

"Is there anything else I can do for your comfort, Billiger?" tenderly inquired the young wife.

"I think not, Lobelia," he replied, after considering a few moments; "though if you will kindly open that package of 'Lone Jack' and put the smoking set within reach I shall be obliged."

Mrs. McSwat did so, and with her own fair hands she filled his new meerschaum, whose bowl was already taking a brownish tinge that gave promise of richer and grander result in the happy future.

"You don't know, Lobelia (puff), how gratefully I (puff) appreciate your (puff) kindness in interposing no objection to my indulgence in (puff, puff) this habit. Hard as would have been the sacrifice, Lobelia, I (puff) would have quit it cheerfully—that is to say (puff)—with comparative cheerfulness, if you had exacted it."

"How could I have asked you to quit smoking, Billiger," replied the young wife, "when you have never made the least objection to my chewing gum?"

Mr. McSwat laid the pipe down, and looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you chew gum, Lobelia?" he said. "I never suspected it."

"I—I confess I do sometimes, Billiger."

"Mrs. McSwat," said he, severely, "have you any idea of the consequences of inveterate gum chewing? Do you know the inconceivably vile materials of which the stuff is made?"

"It can't be any worse, Mr. McSwat, than the poisonous, filthy, reeking fumes of that dirty old pipe you are——"

"Lobelia McSwat, have a care! Don't provoke me too far, or——"

"Billiger McSwat, do you dare to threaten me? Don't glare at me, you brute—the dealer can't get almost his own price, while if it is of ordinary length it is worth from 375 francs to 500 francs (£15 to £20) an ounce. The fact that pure white hair is the court coiffure throughout Europe keeps the demand for it very high. It is much prized by American women whose own hair is white and who desire to enrich its folds, for white hair is held to give certain distinction to the wearer. There is no fancy market for gray hair: it is too common. It is used to work into wigs of persons who are growing old.

What is described as golden hair is either a washed out pale red or a dull blonde. The gold color so much valued has no relation to red hair, except in the vividness of its coloring. The demand for the virgin gold color is great in the capitals of Europe. A woman who gets a coiffure of it is considered fortunate. There are four type colors of hair—snow white, blonde, black and brown—and each of these have been subdivided into sixteen different shades. The commonest types of these are black and brown, and these are cheap. Golden brown is much in fashion, as is pure black or what is called blue black. Next to pure white hair the demand is for hair of the color of virgin gold. There are many braids made of hair colored to meet the demand with certain preparations, but they prove unsatisfactory. Many foolish women have sought to change the color of their own tresses, but they have uniformly repented the attempt. A fine suit of hair of the purest virgin gold will sell from 1,000 francs to 2,500 francs (£40 to £100). It is said that the Empress Eugenie paid 1,000 francs (£40) an ounce for a braid of golden hair that exactly matched her own.

The largest supply of hair comes from Switzerland and Germany, and especially from the French provinces. The country fairs are attended by agents of merchants in London, Paris and Vienna. Only at intervals, however, is a prize like a perfect suit of golden hair obtained, and I am told that there are orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be obtained in the next five years. When a stock of hair is collected the dressing agents in Paris assorted, washed and cleaned. Then each hair is drawn through the eye of a needle and polished. When the stock is ready for the market here the nobility is permitted to make the first choice.

A woman's hair may grow to the length of six feet. Mme. Rose, of Paris, refused 5,000 francs for her cranial covering, which was about that measurement. Four hundred hairs of average thickness would cover an inch of space. The blonde belle has about 140,000 filaments to comb and brush, while the red-haired beauty has to be satisfied with 88,000; the brown-haired damsel must have 109,000; the black-haired but 102,000. Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head; the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning. A German experimentalist has proved that a single half will suspend four ounces without breaking, stretching under the process and contracting again. But the hair thus heavily weighed must be dark brown, for blonde hair breaks down under two and a half ounces.

As regards the wig trade, the most expensive wigs are, of course, pure white and the virgin gold color. A young Brooklyn lady of much beauty possesses a splendid wig of the latter kind, which she chanced to find in a shop at Nice. She was a blonde, but had a scanty supply of dull hair. It did not take her an instant to decide to have her hair cut short and to wear the wig.—*Gallignani's Messenger.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with them.—ED.]

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

BY AN EX-PRIVATE.

What a scene Fredericksburg presented that night. Every available building converted into a hospital. Nearly the entire population had decamped before the bombardment. Residences and business houses were broken into, ransacked, furniture destroyed and valuables carried away by the soldiery. At the hospitals many a brave soldier's limbs were needlessly amputated by the older surgeons demonstrating to the younger ones the ease and skillfulness with which they could sever an arm or leg.

The enemy remained on the south side of the Rappahannock until the night of the 15th, when Burnside withdrew to the north side, covering the pontoons with straw to deaden the sound, the entire force crossing without the loss of a man or a gun. The bridges were lifted, the enemy quickly took possession of the city. The Army of the Potomac then went into winter quarters. Those of the wounded who could, and who were not sent to hospitals in the vicinity, proceeded to Aquia creek and were taken on board steamboats (myself among the latter). Going on board the boat, I was considerably surprised to see "Sandy." "Why, Sandy," I said, "I thought you fell during the charge last Saturday." "Oh, no," said he; "I only stumbled and sprained my ankle; then went to the rear." Our steamer was twelve hours reaching Washington, 60 miles distant. "Sandy" and I were sent to Emory hospital, and only being slightly disabled, I served as nurse, assisting in the care and attendance of the sick and mortally wounded. I witnessed many sad and mournful scenes while there, at the deathbeds of dying soldiers, absent from home, and having no loved ones to bid them a parting farewell or to close their eyes in the long "sleep that knows no waking."

Immediately behind the hospital stood a lot of huts, occupied by negro refugees. On moonlight nights they would assemble, sing songs, and act out their plantation plays. One evening, over a hundred, of both sexes, formed a circle and joined hands, when a young wh i e man, as I supposed, rushed into the circle and kissed the blackest wench in the crowd. I thought he must be fond of kissing; but inquiry disclosed the fact that he was her husband. They had been slaves, and President Lincoln's proclamation had made them free and they were rejoicing.

Sandy and I frequently procured passes from the surgeon in charge and visited points of interest in Washington, returning at 5 o'clock p. m. We neglected, on one occasion, to return at the specified time and were picked up by the patrol guard and taken to the Central guardhouse. Our valuables were taken by the sergeant, who took our names, company and regiment. Then we were sent "up stairs" to pass the night, in company with a very rum set, consisting of deserters, rebel spies, county-jumpers and desperate cutthroats. The floor was covered with tobacco-juice and lice, and the room contained no furniture. I passed a sleepless night. Next morning our money was returned to us and we were given passes to reach the hospital by 12 o'clock, noon. We started about 9 o'clock, but stopped on the way at a restaurant for breakfast, and while there became engaged in a game of pool; when we left it we knew a patrol drew up at the door, the lieutenant came in and, seeing us there, asked for our passes. It was then 12:30 p.m., the hospital was two miles distant, and we should have been there half an hour before. So we had to march back to the guard-house and receive a main another night. When released we were informed by the officer that if we were returned again we should be treated to a shower bath.

Early in February all who were available, and those who were anxious to get to the front again, were sent to Camp Distribution, near Alexandria. There were about 40 of us collected in the squad. We formed a line, and the examining surgeon in charge requested all who were fit for duty to step out and form a new line. All but about 50 responded; and they either thought they were not in condition for duty, or else would "play off" on the surgeon. "Sandy," to my surprise, remained among them. The surgeon understood his business. He asked each man his ailment, and examined some, and the consequence was that only six out of the 50 returned to the hospital. "Sandy" said he had the "consumpter," but he couldn't deceive the surgeon. We passed through Alexandria, were put on board a steamer, had a pleasant voyage down the Potomac and soon joined our respective regiments at Falmouth, where we found many changes had taken place during our six weeks' absence. Everything clean, joghuts, streets, etc.—in fact, an amateur city. "Fighting Joe Hooker" had been appointed commander, vice Burnside, resigned. The army was over 140,000 strong, in excellent spirits, and in first-class sanitary condition. Lee's army then consisted of 80,000 well disciplined men. The pickets of each army lined both sides of the Rappahannock river, and many jeers and jokes passed between them in regard to the progress of the rebellion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARKER'S CROSS-ROADS.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will relate what I know of the part taken in the battle of Parker's Cross Roads by two regiments; viz., the 27th and 39th Ohio. During Gen. Grant's first expedition against Vicksburg, our brigade had arrived at Oxford, Miss., when news reached us that Van Dorn had destroyed our supplies at Holly Springs. The 27th and 39th were ordered to Holly Springs and sent across the country in search of the rebels who had done the damage in our rear. We heard firing at daylight, and were immediately ordered to march. We started on a good "dog-trot," the sound of battle growing louder as we drew nearer. About 10 o'clock we reached the foot of a hill, behind which the battle was in progress. Col. Fuller, commanding our section, gave the order to "left oblique," so as to leave the road unobstructed for our battery which, as soon as it reached the top of the hill, unlimbered and commenced firing. We formed in line of battle and ordered to charge. A scene of destruction presented itself in front of us. The dead and wounded covered the ground, for a desperate battle had been fought that morning. The 122d Ill., 59th Ind., and 32d Iowa, though greatly outnumbered, bravely held their ground. However, our sudden appearance, the sunlight on the enemy, and to see our bayonets flashing in the light as we appeared on the crest of the ridge, they quickly retreated, leaving six cannon and a number of prisoners in our hands. We pursued them to the banks of the Tennessee river, but they crossed, destroyed the ridge, and escaped by the time we reached the river. Rain began falling in torrents, and we marched back through mud and water knee-deep, and amid such darkness that many of our regiment, in floundering about, lost their muskets.—JAMES MCFARLAND, Co. D, 27th O. V. I., Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O.

THEY WERE BOTH SURPRISED.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Comrades, I will relate how I scared a darkey, or rather, how a "man of color" frightened "dis 'ere chil'." About August 15, 1864, while our company was at Somerset, Ky., watching for Monday, the noted bushwhacker, who had been invading that part of the country, I was detailed to go to camp of the 51st O. M., our regiment, about ten miles up the river. The road lay through a very rough country, sparsely settled and thick woods nearly all the way. I felt somewhat "skeery,"

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The New Phonograph.

R. C. S., Clarence, Mo.: The new Edison phonograph is about eighteen inches long, less than half that in width and height. At first glance a visitor sees a cavity lined with tin, the top of which is a little machinery. The theory of the phonograph is even simpler than the methods adopted for carrying it out. Every one knows that sounds consist of vibrations. In the phonograph the voice causes a little glass diaphragm to vibrate. This glass diaphragm has attached to its under side a minute knife which presses against a wax cylinder which is revolving and at the same time passing slowly forward. Every vibration of the glass plate forces the knife into the wax. The instrument for hearing is almost exactly similar, except that instead of glass the diaphragm consists of oiled silk. The little knife-blade follows the groove already cut in the wax, falls into the little depression caused by the vibration of the glass diaphragm and produces an exactly similar vibration in the oiled silk diaphragm. It is this vibration of the oiled silk which causes the sound. The essential parts of the machine are the transmitter and receiver, which, as just explained, are almost the same, the wax cylinder and the method of causing it to revolve and the motive power.

The apparatus is put in motion by a small electric motor. There is an adjusting screw which enables the operator to regulate or alter the speed with which the cylinder revolves, or to stop the motion at once. If the speed is maintained at the same point in talking to the instrument and in listening to it, the sound is exactly reproduced. If the speed is different, the sounds become quicker and slower. The words of a rapid speaker can be made so slow that they will sound as if they were parts of a funeral oration. The wax is transmitted to the axle, which carries the hollow wax cylinder. A fine screw is cut on the axle, and by a very simple mechanism the transmitter or receiver is so connected with it that it moves forward at the rate of one inch for every hundred revolutions. It is this which causes the first knife to cut a spiral groove into the wax cylinder, and the second knife to follow accurately in the groove of the first. There is also a very simple little apparatus by which the forward motion of the transmitter or receiver can be at once stopped, and they can be thrown backward, so that if it is desired to hear again anything that has been said it can be done at once. The wax cylinders are about four inches long, and are made hollow so that they may easily be placed on the revolving axle. The wax is so thick that after it has been used it can be turned down and used over again a number of times. The cylinders, which are made of a flinty substance, is attached to the forward end of the transmitter and smooths off the cylinder just in front of the knife blade, which cuts a new groove. It is not necessary constantly to take any time in smoothing the old cylinders. The work is being done while they are being used.

When the operator wishes to talk he places a wax cylinder on the axle, and moves a little electric switch, which causes the cylinder to revolve. He speaks into the mouthpiece, which for convenience is prolonged by a rubber tube. A groove is cut into the cylinder as long as he is talking. That is all there is to it. In listening to the phonograph the reverse method is adopted. The cylinder marked by the knife is placed on the axle and the appropriate adjustments made. The receiver, is, like the mouthpiece, prolonged by means of a rubber tube for convenience in listening. The tube is branched, and each branch is terminated by a hollow glass tube in the form of a hook. The listener places one of these hooks in each ear, the instrument is started, and he hears distinctly what is said. His hands are free and he can take down what he hears. If the conversation is too rapid he touches the governor screw and it becomes as slow as he wishes. If he desires to stop for a moment, a touch of his foot to a treadle accomplishes the result. When he comes to his feet the conversation is continued exactly where it was broken off. He can thus take down the statements a sentence at a time if he so desires. He can obtain a repetition of the whole or part by the touch of another foot.

It is easy to understand the practical uses to which the instrument can be put. A merchant reads his letters, dictates his answers to this phonograph, and then passes it to his typewriter, who can take it down at leisure. Or a compositor can set up an article without the use of manuscript. The cylinders are quite permanent, and can be indefinitely preserved and used over and over again. They can be transmitted by mail so that a person may receive a communication from a friend in the actual voice of a friend. Or any one having a phonograph can place it on a cylinder containing the remarks of a famous speaker, an operatic selection by a noted prima donna or an instrumental piece, and can have it perfectly reproduced. The phonograph is expected to do away with stenographic work and to open a great field to the writing machine. They will be leased for $3.33 each per month. 2. We do not understand that the new machines are suited to exhibitions in halls.

Woman Suffrage Statistics.

I. R. N., Dale, Wis.: 1.—In what states or territories are women allowed to vote? 2. Are they allowed to vote in any of the large cities? 3. Give figures to show that they (the women) do or do not take advantage of the right.

Women are granted full suffrage in one territory, Wyoming. They have had it since 1869. All parties are in favor of it. The women exercise the right in larger ratio than the men, so any proposal to abolish it would be laughed at and voted down immediately, as was the case when a member of the legislature proposed it for the last and only time some twelve years ago. In 1887, it was also granted in Utah, and women voted as generally as the men, and to the satisfaction of the majority. Unfortunately the Mormons comprize some five out of six of both sexes. Against the wishes of five out of six of the women and two out of three of the men, Senator Edmunds, to cripple the Mormon power, or rather to show his desire to do so, succeeded some three years ago in getting woman suffrage in Utah repealed by the Congress. This was done on the ground that women voted and did so in accordance with their religious convictions.

In Kansas, women were two years ago granted full municipal suffrage, and at the spring election about one-third of the male vote, and they elected reformed municipal governments in many cities and towns of the state. Last year their vote was in about the same ratio to the male vote, and in both cases all reputable people were satisfied.

In fourteen states women have the right of school suffrage on terms more or less restricted. In twelve of these states it was granted by constitutional provision, viz.: in Minnesota by a constitutional amendment adopted by the Colorado under a clause in the original constitution, adopted in 1876. In a third state, Wisconsin, it was granted by law, which was afterwards ratified by a majority of the votes cast on the question. In seven states it has been granted by the legislature, without popular vote, viz.: Kentucky, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Michigan, Vermont, Kansas, New York, Nebraska, Oregon, Indiana and New Jersey.

In two states women have a right to vote on liquor licenses, (by petition), viz.: Arkansas and Mississippi.

Women exercise these partial rights of suffrage to any great extent only where some question of real importance makes them feel that their votes will be of value. In Woburn, Mass., in some years, 1,000 women have registered and a majority of them have voted. In Boston, at the recent city election, over 20,000 women personally applied to be taxed and registered, and about 19,000 of them voted, electing their entire ticket for school committee and indirectly effecting a revolution in the entire city government by bringing out an unexampled vote of men also.

In Washington territory women have been, within the past five years, twice enfranchised, and twice the law has been nullified by the Territorial Supreme court.

In the territories women have school suffrage in Idaho and one or two others.

Twenty thousand woman voted at the last school election in Boston. In Wyoming women vote as generally as men. In Kansas fully nine-tenths of the women vote. In Great Britain women avail themselves very generally of their suffrage rights.

"Private" Dalzell on Pensions.

E. S., Otto, N. Y.: The statement made by Private Dalzell that there are 400,000 pensioners entitled to receive for $225 to $30 each by simply applying for it, is disputed vigorously. The effect of itspublication has been to swamp the mail department of the second auditor's division and to put that official into a hot temper. There were 4,000 applications on one desk within two weeks after, and more coming in every mail. That office says: "There is not a dollar due any these people. The whole statement put forth by Mr. Dalzell is false and mischievous. There is no law allowing 5 cents a mile or any mileage to soldiers or enlisted men. Nearly all of those soldiers entitled to commutation of subsistence and travel pay under the act of July 28, 1866, have already been paid, no transportation pay is due to soldiers traveling on furlough. Nearly all volunteer soldiers entitled to extra pay have received it, and section 35, act of March 3, 1863, repeals all laws in force relating to pay of volunteers for extra service performed after March 3, 1863, with the exception of a few cases. Nearly all soldiers who were prisoners of war, and their heirs, under acts of July 25, 1866, and of March 2, 1867, have received pay for rations allowed under those acts."

Mr. Dalzell reiterates the statement, however. He says the claims which are valid are:

"1. Commuted rations on furlough at about 28 cents per day.

"2. Extra duty pay, 25 cents a day from October 18, 1862, to April 18, 1863.

"3. Travel pay at one ration and one day's pay from place of discharge, about 5 cents a mile for the men, but more for officers.

"No attorneys are needed, and I warn the soldiers against employing any, and this is the reason why I have been thus wantonly and maliciously assailed by them.

"Make formal application by letter as follows: For the first class of claims to the Commissary General of Subsistence, Washington, D. C.; second class, Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.; third, Second Auditor of the Treasury, Washington, D. C. It costs nothing."

The above is all that we know about it. Soldiers will have to judge for themselves, for we cannot advise them. We don't know whether Dalzell is right, or the Second Auditor.

The Railway Postal Service.

J. H. H., Ducktum, Tenn., and J. H., Whatcom, Wash. Ter.: Under the new civil service rules classification, there are nine classes in the railway mail service. The first class of employes receive annually $800 a year or less, the second $900 or less, but more than $800; the third $1,000 or less, but more than $900; the fourth $1,200 or less, but more than $1,000; the fifth $1,400 or less, but more than $1,200; the sixth $1,600 or less, but more than $1,400; the seventh $1,800 or less, but more than $1,600; the eighth $2,000 or less, but more than $1,800; and the ninth class includes all who receive more than $2,000 a year. These classes include other persons in the service as well as postal clerks.

An order was issued by the civil service commissioners on January 17, which fixed February 11 as the date for the extension of the civil service rules to the postal service. The officials of the department are hard at work preparing the rules to govern the examination and appointment of applicants, and they will soon be made public. It was at first intended that the examination should take place in each Congressional district, but this plan has been found impracticable, and the examinations will, therefore, be held in but two points in each state, excepting Rhode Island and Delaware, where it is thought that one location will be sufficient. These rules will be given in the news columns of the WEEKLY BLADE, on pages 7 and 8, as soon as they are promulgated.

The Electoral Vote.

W. M. F., Walworth, N. Y.: The Presidential electors of each state met in their state capitals on Monday, January 14, and cast their votes for President and Vice President. The official declaration of the result will be made on the second Wednesday in February. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day the United States Senate and House of Representatives will meet in joint convention in the hall of the House, receive the electoral votes, count them and officially announce the names of the President and Vice President. The president of the Senate will preside over this joint convention. Two tellers for each house will open all certificates of electoral votes. These will be read in the hearing of the two houses, the tellers will write out a list of the votes, and the result will be handed to the presiding officer of the Senate, and be read by him, and the list will be entered upon the journals of the two houses.

The Supreme Court.

G B. P., Callisburg, Tex.: The United States Supreme court is composed as follows:

	Year appointed.
Melville W. Fuller, Illinois, Democrat	1888
Samuel F. Miller, Iowa, Republican	1862
Stephen J. Field, California, Democrat	1863
Joseph P. Bradley, New Jersey, Republican	1870
John M. Harlan, Kentucky, Republican	1877
Stanley Matthews, Ohio, Republican	1881
Horace Gray, Massachusetts, Republican	1881
Samuel Blatchford, New York, Republican	1882
L. Q. C. Lamar, Mississippi, Democrat	1888

2. "In hoc signo vinces" means, "in this sign thou shalt conquer."

Veteran Bounty.

J. A. C., Gustavus, O., writes: "I see in the answer to the question asked about the soldiers' veteran bounty, that all who re-enlisted under that act and were honorably discharged, did get the $402. That is not quite correct, or else some have been mistaken in supposing they were honorably discharged by reason of sickness and disease contracted in the line of duty that did not get it, and never have, they feel the injustice done them, but believe they were as honorably discharged as those that were wounded or fortunate enough to go to the end of the war."

Have You Read It?

The friends of the Question Bureau are asked to read the first instalment of the BLADE'S $2,500 story, on the first page of this issue, and then to send, *at once*, on a postal card, the names and addresses of ten or more persons to whom we may mail sample copies of the this issue. Please do not fail to send in names for sample copies.

Miscellaneous.

Don't send any more copies of "Banty Tim." It is printed on the fifth page of this issue.

W. H., Olive, Kan.: See Rule 2 above.

S. R. B., Mansfield, O.: We cannot republish "Shamus O'Brien."

M. P., Paris, Ill.: No city in the United States was ever laid out in the form of the letter W.

J. F. L., Xenia, Ind.: Your question has been handed to the editor of the Farm department.

M. N., Mt. Carmel, Ill.: The surviving widow of a solher of 1812 can obtain a pension, but not his heirs.

Miss C. M., Olney, Ill.: Your queries have been handed the HOUSEHOLD editor. They do not pertain to the BUREAU.

P. B., Louisville, O.: Write to Hon. I. F. Mack, Sandusky, O., for the annual report of the Ohio Soldiers' Home at that point.

W. C. R., Freeman, Mo.: "It's English, you know," is a tepid saying in play. It is copyrighted, and hence we have no right to publish it.

D. K., Huntington, Ind.: We do not know of any society who "worship the Supreme being or Creator only, worshiping no man, such as Christ."

H. P., Alma, Cal.: The Prohibition candidate for President in 1880 was Neal Dow. His vote was 10,305. The Greenback candidate in 1880 was J. B. Weaver; vote, 307,306.

Mrs. I. D. W., Flint, Mich.: You have overlooked the advertisement, which tells where to address, either a registered letter, or when moneys are sent by draft or order. That is all the information you need.

E. S. R., Ousted, Mich.: The Haytian trouble arose from the seizing of the steamer "Haytien Republic," by President Legitime's forces. The United States demanded her release, and she was given up.

S. L. M., Alma, Colo.: Henry M. Stanley is of English birth. For the best time in skating, see New York *Clipper* Annual for 1889. The record is for different distances, and it would take too much space to reproduce it.

Inquirer, Jerseyville, Ill.: The bass singers, when accompanied by a piano, in a parlor, generally stand at the left of the instrument, as you face it, but it is immaterial. There is no particular difference in effect to be detected.

R. L. W., Rinard, Ill.: The word "adieux" is used in speaking of taking leave of more than one person. When you part with one, you "bid him adieu." When you leave several persons, and take leave of each successively, you can properly say that you "made your adieux."

H. B., Brantford, N. Y.: A "syndicate" is a combination of individuals or companies, in the same line of business, for special purposes. For instance, there are "syndicates" of newspaper writers in New York, which supply articles for publication, a "syndicate" of coal-mine managers is a combination to keep up prices. The term is often vaguely used for a "trust" or "combination."

S. H., Atlas, O.: 1.—The office of Postmaster General was created at the adoption of the federal constitution. A similar office had been in existence under the confederation. 2.—The first secretary of the Interior was Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, in 1849. 3.—Slavery died out in Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania after the Revolution. But few slaves were ever held there, until the people ceased slaveholding without legal enactment.

Subscriber, Scott City, Kan.: The law passed a year ago by Congress does not allow any threatening matter to be sent on a postal card in relation to a debt. A statement of account, without any request for "call and pay," would not, we think, be illegal—though that is a matter which can only be told by having a case tried in court. Any lawyer will be able to show you a copy of the law, which was passed at the last session of Congress.

D. O. T., Milbury, O.: The "iron gate" of the Danube is a point where it passes between high, mountainous cliffs. The "volcanic ring" refers to the ring of volcances encircling the Pacific ocean. See some good physical geography. The bed of the Atlantic, between Newfoundland and Ireland, is a level plain, except a low range of submarine mountains some 200 miles west of Ireland; and as this plain affords great facilities for the safety of the telegraphic cables, it is called sometimes the "telegraphic plateau."

J. H., Schell City, Mo.: Nobody can state authoritatively who are the "five richest men in the world." Men are not apt to tell the amount of their wealth. You can safely set down the newspaper stories as to the amount of wealth in any one person's hands as merely guesses, without authority. The entire amount of money in circulation in the United States in December last was $1,406,453,000, with $380,946,715 additional in the treasury. But you must remember that the amount of bank checks, drafts, postal orders, postal notes, express money orders, etc., which take the place of money in transfers from one to the other enormously increase the amount in circulation.

S. R. C., Otwell, Ind.: Answered in BUREAU January 3.

C. B. D., Ponca, Neb.: Your questions violate Rules 3 and 2.

I. H. C., Colby, Pa.: Lake Superior is, we believe, the deepest lake of any size.

Subscriber, Cambridge, Q.: Prof. A. Graham Bell is the inventor of the telephone.

T. S. H., Dayton, O.: We do not know the address you ask for. See rules above.

Mrs. B. W. W., Iowa: Your question is too indefinite. Better put the matter in a good lawyer's hands.

I. N. S., Champaign, Ill.: Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is a lawyer in very large practice in New York City.

E. H., Pikeville, Tenn.: We have not the list we took for. Write to the commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

T. S. R., Clinton, Mo.: We never heard of the novel you mention, nor can we find anything on the fabled plant.

——, Constantia, N. Y.: We do not know where you can find a "coast pilot of the lakes." Write to the Collector of the Port, Oswego, N. Y., and ask him.

C. D., Zeeland, Mich.: We can not spare space to give a long description of the Argentine Confederation. Consult the American Cyclopedia or a good school geography.

C. W. B. Commerce, Tex.: To avoid worms, timber should be cut in the least sap is in it, which is in the winter. For tape-worm, consult a first-class physician.

E. G. H., Crows Nest, Va.: Gunpowder was invented by the Chinese, date unknown. There is no justice in comparing generals in different countries under different military systems.

W., Palestine, W. Va.: There are eighteen examiners in the Pension office, at a salary of $4,000 per annum and a fee of 15 cents for each voucher issued in excess of 4,000 per annum.

W. S. A., Ithaca, O.: Such questions as yours are mere matters of opinion. We have no idea that old Confederate soldiers could agree as to who was the best corps commander in the rebel army.

J. L. B., La Roy, Mich.: In the Toledo Manual Training school the students are taught the elements of carpentry, metal working, draughting and designing, etc. It is a part of the Toledo City schools.

L. H. M., Doyle, Tenn.: The Ohio canal does not run to Cincinnati. It extends from Cleveland to Portsmouth. The Miami canal extends from Toledo to Cincinnati. Both were in operation in 1888, and are now.

J. N. M., Leon, Iowa: It requires a steam engine or water power to run the dynamo to furnish electric lights. It is too expensive to put in a plant for a single residence. A house can not be lighted simply by the use of a battery.

J. M., Orleans, Mich.: Salt is very largely distributed in the earth, and the streams that run into the ocean all carry a minute amount down. This has been going on for thousands of years, and is the cause of the saltness of the sea.

B. W., Oregon, Ill.: If a child is born on January 10, on the next January 9 he completes 365 days, or one year, and January 10 is the 366th day, or the first day of the second year. Hence a man born on January 10, 1847, was 72 years old on Jan. 9, 1888.

W. W. S., Ellensburg, W. T.: The Panama canal is in the republic of Colombia. It is a private enterprise, and is being constructed by a company, whose headquarters are in France. We have no time to look up the news and editorial columns, recorded the progress of the work and the recent failure of the company.

A. M., Michigan Bluff, Cala.: You are mistaken. The eclipse of Jan. 1 is the last total eclipse of the sun this century, not the first. The constitution gives power to Congress to fix the day for choosing Presidential electors, which day must be the same throughout the Union.

W. H. M., Greensburg, Ky.: The Latin nations are those which claim descent from the same peoples as the ancient Romans. They are the French, Spanish, Portuguese and Italians. The Latin countries of America are Mexico and the countries of Central and South America settled by Spanish and Portuguese.

F. M. Q., Duke Center, Pa.: 1.—Robert Raikes was the founder of Sunday schools; he was born in Gloucester, Eng., in 1735, and died in 1811. The first Sunday school was founded in 1781 in Gloucester by Robert Raikes. 2.—The Christian era dates from the year of Christ's birth, but it is now conceded that there was an error in fixing the era of four years.

X. X. X. Haskins, O.: The only government school is that at West Point, and the training of officers for the regular army. Each Congressman appoints one cadet every four years. The expenses of the students are borne by the government. All other "military" schools are private schools, with military drill as part of the curriculum. Students pay the same as at any other school or college.

Constant Reader, Elkader, Ia.: 1.—We do not know why those particular colors were chosen for the American flag, save for the fact that they suited the fancy. 2.—If a bank issues a certificate of deposit to one person it will not pay the money called for on said certificate to another person without the certificate being indorsed by the person to whom it is made payable. If the bank did it, it is liable for the amount of money paid out.

E. S. H., Erwin, Tenn.: The sun is overhead at the Tropic of Cancer on June 21; over the Tropic of Capricorn, Dec. 21; over the equator on June 21; the days then shorten until on Dec. 11 it is night within the Arctic Circle. The reverse is true of the south frigid zone. The reason for the belt of desert which extends throughout Northern Africa, Arabia, and thence northeasterly through Asia, is not clearly understood. You will find discussions of the causes in any physical geography.

C. H. E., Volga, Dak.: Recipe for mending a gutta percha belt: Melt together in an iron in an iron pan 2 parts common pitch and 1 part gutta-percha, stirring them well together until thoroughly incorporated, and then pouring the liquid into cold water. When cold it is black solid and elastic; but it softens with heat, and at 100 degrees (Fahr.) is a thin fluid. It may be used as a soft paste, or in its liquid state, and answers an excellent purpose in cementing metal, glass, porcelain, etc.

Steady Reader, Fostoria, O.: The Senate tariff bill will pass the Senate, but the Democrats in the House will oppose it and prevent its passage. Hence there is little likelihood of its being made a law this session. It is not known, of course, whether President Harrison will call an extra session of Congress to revise the tariff, and if he does, it is uncertain how often it will be called to meet. We think the chances are against any change before the date you mention—May 1.

D. W., Garfield, Kan.: The "Treaty of Ghent" was a treaty of peace between England and the United States, and was signed at Ghent, Belgium, December 24, 1814. The treaty provided for the mutual restoration of all territory taken during the war of 1812, and for the mutual appointment of a commission to determine the boundary between the United States and Canada. Nothing was said about the imprisonment of American seamen, one of the main causes of the war, but the practice was discontinued by England.

R. I. G., Mt. Vernon, Ill.:

1. Who was Albert Gallatin?

2. Tell what you can of the battle of "St. Jacob's an der Birr."

1. Albert Gallatin, LL. D., was a Swiss statesman, born at Geneva in 1761; died at Astoria, L. I., in 1849. He was a great sympathizer with Americans in their early struggle for liberty. He was sent to the United States Senate in 1790, but was declared ineligible. He was a member of Congress, 1795-1801; secretary of the Treasury, 1801-1813. He held many posts of honor and was universally esteemed. 2. We don't recognize it. Will any reader who knows answer the question?

They Must Be Interesting.

Miss Breezy (of Chicago, to Mr. Gotham)—Do you know how young Mr. Wabash is getting on in New York, Mr. Gotham?

Mr. Gotham—Well, I believe he is doing something in a literary way.

Miss Breezy—Is he clever?

Mr. Gotham—Well, if it were not for using an objectionable word I should say in my opinion his work was nothing but hog wash.

Miss Breezy—Oh, the word is not at all objectionable, Mr. Gotham; we often use it in Chicago. Dear me, how I would like to see some of his articles!

The Eloquent Evarts.

A gentleman recently entered the Senate gallery at Washington and happened to meet a friend at the entrance. "What's going on?" asked the incomer. "Nothing, just now," was the answer. "Mr. Evarts has been addressing the Senate." "Has he? I'm sorry I missed that." "Yes, it was a great treat. He spoke for more than four hours." "What about?" asked the man who came too late. "He didn't say."—*N. Y. World.*

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

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Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, and instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

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Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

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PALATABLE AS MILK.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

FRIDAY'S LUCKY EVENTS.

A Few Historical Facts for the Consideration of the Superstitious.

Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington was born.

Friday, December 2, 1791, the Albany library was founded.

Bismarck, Gladstone and Disraeli were born on Friday.

Friday, March 25, 1609, the Hudson river was discovered.

Friday, June 30, 1461, Louis XI. humbled the French nobles.

Friday, March 18, 1776, the stamp act was repealed in England.

Friday, June 13, 1492, Columbus discovered the continent of America.

Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made the final landing at Plymouth Rock.

Friday, June 13, 1785, General Winfield Scott was born in Dinwiddie county, Virginia.

Friday, June 10, 1834, Spurgeon, the celebrated English preacher, was born.

Friday, November 20, 1721, the first Masonic lodge was organized in North America.

Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was laid bare, which saved the United States.

Thomas Sutton, who saved England from the Spanish Armada, was born on Friday.

Friday, January 12, 1443, Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, was born, the richest sovereign of Europe.

Friday, November 28, 1814, the first newspaper ever printed by steam, the London *Times*, was printed.

Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American army occurred.

Friday, June 12, 1802, Alexander Von Humboldt, in climbing Chimborazo, reached an altitude of 19,200 feet.

Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than 40 years.

Friday, April 8, 1646, the first known newspaper advertisement was published in the *London Post Intelligencer*, in England.

Friday, May 14, 1586, Gabriel Fahrenheit, usually regarded as the inventor of the common mercurial thermometer, was born.

Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII., of England, gave to John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England.

Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present constitution.

Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion was made in Congress by John Adams, and seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent.

Friday, March 20, 1738, Pope Clement XII. promulgated his bull of excommunication against the Free Masons. Ever since the allocution excommunicating indiscriminately all Free Masons the Order has received an immense forward impetus in Italy, France and Spain.

Friday, July 1, 1825, General Lafayette was welcomed to Boston and feasted by the Free Masons and citizens and attended at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, erected to perpetuate the remembrance of the defenders of the rights and liberties of America.

A Convincing Quintette.

We want to make several statements in regard to Compound Oxygen, but are restrained by limits of time and space.

In other words, you have not the time and we lack the space, to stand aside for our patients. Observe what they say of us:

Mrs. S. M. Anthony in reply to query in the Housekeeper, of Minneapolis, Minn., issue of July 15, 1888:

Mrs. W. E. Eddy.—"I have used Compound Oxygen for years for lung trouble. I believe it will cure consumption if taken in time. Mrs. S. M. Anthony.

Durhamville, Tenn.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 15, 1885.

"To make a long story short, my health was fully restored." Rev. Victor L. Conrad, Editor of *Lutheran Observer*.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1884.

"I began the use of Compound Oxygen and have much reason to be grateful for it."

Rev. Chas. W. Cushing.

Philadelphia Pa.

"Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain your grateful friend."

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley.

Chicago, Ill., April 24, 1886.

"You ask my opinion of Compound Oxygen; perseveringly and continuously used, it will work wonders."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

William Penn Nixon.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to anyone requesting it. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

TAKING A BIRD.

The Best Way to Make a Bird Fearless and Familiar.

No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird, says Olive Thorne Miller in the *Home-Maker*. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and without starving him or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him a good deal. Place his cage near you on your desk or work-table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient, and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him. After this he will more readily take it from your lips, and then when you put him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call you have accustomed him to, and accept the dainty from you while free. As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him, or try to catch him, or interfere in any way with his liberty, he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you; he will pull your hair, pick at your eyes, and give you as much of his company as you desire.

A DISCRIMINATING GIANT.

Why He Preferred Bad Little Girls to Good Ones.

A little girl, aged three, informed her mother that she knew a beautiful story about a giant. "Would you like to hear it, mamma?" asked she.

"Well then," she continued, "once there was a great big ugly giant, and he was very fond of eating little girls. One day as he was walking along through the woods, he met two little girls—one very good little girl and one very naughty one.

"First he took a bite out of the good little girl, and he made up a horrid face and said she tasted awful nasty; then he took a taste of the bad little girl, and he smacked his lips and said she tasted awful nice, 'cause you see, mamma, she had eaten nuts and raisins and candy when her mother told her not to, and that made her taste sweet. Then the old giant said: 'I'll never again eat a good little girl; I'll always eat the bad ones.'"—*Wide Awake.*

She Knew.

Mother—Are you sure that Mr. Nicetellow loves you as a husband should?

Daughter—Of course. He wants to marry me.

Mother (who knows her daughter's peculiarities)—Loving you well enough to marry you is one thing; loving you enough to live with you is quite another.—*New York Weekly.*

Pleasant to Hear.

Miss Travis—Don't you think my new dress is too sweet for anything?

Miss DeSmith—Oh, lovely—exquisite. I do believe your dressmaker could make a bean pole look graceful.—*Burlington Free Press.*

SICK HEADACHE

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John Werren says in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat:* Though the present corn crop is estimated to be the largest ever grown in this country—2,000,000,000 bushels, or 32 bushels to every person in the United States—still I look for some of the extremists on the bear side on 'Change to be badly fooled during the coming spring and summer.

It is a fact always that the excessive supplies of anything lead to carelessness and waste, and I look for a large amount of the corn to be poorly cared for, and, therefore, to be marketed in poor condition. Besides this, I found on my last trip through the corn belt, that from points 100 miles west of here corn was being shipped West to buyers in Kansas points, who then shipped to Southern points for local use and export. The corn will, in many cases, consequently be counted as still being in the farmers' hands until the receipts of next summer show the contrary. The prices being paid now by Western feeders and shippers preclude any possibility of any of the cereal coming to St. Louis. Our receipts now come almost entirely from Nebraska, but now it is forwarded from there at the prevailing prices I fail to understand. Corn is plentiful, but I should not like to go "short" at present values.

Not Silver Speech.

"I hope, Mr. Templecourt," said the lady as she rose rrom the chair which had vibrated with her voice for an hour and a half, "that I haven't been taking up too much of your valuable time."

"Not at all, Mrs. Chatty," returned the lawyer, glancing wearily at the pile of letters on his desk; "I assure you that this time has been of no value to me whatever."—*Puck.*

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We are sending out a large number of sample copies of this issue of the BLADE to persons whose names have been furnished by our regular subscribers. The attention of every such person is directed to the announcement of our new story elsewhere on this page, and to the opening chapters, found on the first page. We ask them to read the story, and to give the entire paper a careful examination. Let the ladies read the "Household;" the children "Our Young Folks," on the sixth page; rural residents will be interested in the "Farm," while the "Camp Fire" will be found very readable, especially to old soldiers. Everybody can find something worth knowing in the "Question Bureau," and Dr. TALMAGE'S sermon, on page 7, is a regular weekly feature. Read the paper carefully, and send us your subscription; for we are persuaded that you will find the BLADE an invaluable paper. Send in your name *at once*, that you may not miss a single chapter of the new $2,500 prize story, which of itself will be amply worth the trifling sum the BLADE costs for an entire year.

THE WORKINGMEN'S GREATEST ENEMY.

"Organized labor" is a phrase familiar to everybody. In every city, town and village the workingmen are banded together as Knights of Labor, or members of various trades unions, with the object of bettering their condition, and of resisting oppression or tyranny by opposing their united strength to any step which may be attempted that would tend to degrade them, or to render their position less comfortable, or their work less profitable, than it is now. And there is also a large number of periodicals devoted to what are known as "labor" interests, which further, to the best of their ability, the objects of these organizations of workingmen, disseminate their doctrines, and endeavor to elevate the mental and moral status of the numerous class of people in whose interest they are published.

It seems strange, however, that with every city filled with these numerous organizations of workingmen in various occupations; with this great number of papers published in their interest; with the advancement of their class as the assigned reason for the existence of these societies and their organs, that there is not one of these societies, either local, state or national, so far as our knowledge extends, which has ever adopted even a formal resolution evidencing hostility to the Rum traffic and the open saloon—the worst foes of the working population; there is not one of their many newspaper organs which has come out boldly and openly against the one thing which does more than all others to drive into poverty and debasement the very men in whose interests they are all professedly published. Why do not the workingmen of the country take a decided attitude of hostility to that inveterate foe of every man who depends upon the labor of his hands for his daily bread, the Rum Power?

THE Rum Power is more aggressive than capital, more exacting than monopoly. It reaches out to every locality devoted to human toil, and sets its recruiting posts for the Grand Army of Drunkards, the saloons, upon every corner. Look about you and consider; did you ever see a new enterprise started, a large manufacturing plant erected in some hitherto sparsely-settled suburb of any city, and note, even before the structure was completed, before a wheel was ready to turn, that some emissary of the ever-vigilant Rum Power established a saloon in close proximity thereto? When next you take your walks abroad on business or pleasure, in any locality devoted to large mills, or shops, or factories, keep your eyes open, and you will realize the fact that there is no street an operative would be likely to traverse in going to or returning from the scene of his daily toil, on which saloons are not planted, so that he must pass a Rum-hole at least twice daily.

There is not in any state that has not already banished the saloon a manufacturing establishment employing any large number of workmen, that has not a saloon in close proximity thereto. Let a new establishment open its doors a half-mile from the nearest saloon, and the brewing interest of that city sees to it that a new hell-hole is set up near by. The workingmen of our land is kept under strict surveillance by the Rum Power. It takes good care that they have before them, day and night, the continual opportunity and temptation to drink. It recognizes that in every establishment there may be found men who are already slaves to the drink habit, and that they are the best possible missionaries in the work of bringing their fellows under the same terrible domination.

If all the workingmen of this nation were absolutely free of the vice of drink, the appetite for Rum, a very large proportion of the saloons would be compelled to close their doors for lack of patronage. It is a painful fact, which any intelligent man who will take the pains to investigate can determine to be true, that the saloon-keepers live largely off the hard-earned wages of laboring men. When the weekly pay-day arrives in any manufacturing or mining center, every saloon reaps its harvest. In many establishments the pay-day has been changed from Saturday to Monday, or some other week-day, so that the men will not have the opportunity which the Sunday holiday gives to indulge in dissipation. The Sunday debauch brought the men to work on Monday in an unfit condition, while the money that should have been spent on their wives and families was squandered in Rum, that the saloon-keeper's family might live in comfort, dress in fine raiment, and sit at a table loaded with rich fare; while the workingman's wife dresses in cheap calico, his children in shreds and patches, and their fare is of the poorest. Heaven alone knows the misery suffered in a home whose head is a drunkard.

What is the reason that the leaders in the labor organizations do not oppose this domination of their members by the Rum Power? Why does not the honest, sober element in these societies direct its energies to the extirpation of this ruinous traffic, which draws so great a portion of its support from the very men these societies were organized to benefit? Why is not the united strength of all our labor unions thrown in behalf of the workingmen, and directed to a loosening of the firm grip the Rum Power has taken upon its members—to saving the boys who are entering their ranks from falling into its clutches? Why do they not make common cause against the giant evil of our land, the worst enemy of the working classes?

What is there about this liquor-selling that the men who follow it should be allowed to grow wealthy from the earnings of hard-handed labor—that into their clutches should be poured the golden stream that would bring comfort and happiness to the homes of millions of workingmen, if it were allowed its proper course? What extraordinary claim have these men, or their infernal occupation, that they should be preferred to wife and children, to father and mother? "Ah, they are good fellows!" you exclaim in a laughing tone. So they are—because it is money in their pockets! They are polite and agreeable, because it is to their interest; they are "good company," because it draws custom. It is a matter of money, of selfish interest, not of a hospitable nature or a kindly heart. Let a drunken sot get so far down that he has no occupation and no money, and they have no use for him. When his last cent is gone, he is kicked out with brutal oaths.

This one fact proves that, with possibly some few exceptions, Rum-sellers are an utterly selfish class. They will sell Rum to a drunkard so long as he can pay for it, indifferent to the prayers of his wife, the tears and supplications of his children. Money is what they are after, and they will furnish Rum in exchange for it so long as the money is forthcoming. A man who practically sells his soul to the devil by entering deliberately upon the occupation of ruining his fellow-men in return for the money he receives for Rum, is a foe to society. His conscience becomes seared, his heart callous. So long as there is money in the work of turning men into drunkards and paupers and criminals, he will continue to pursue his accursed calling.

Such a man would deal out that liquid damnation, Rum, to whoever can bring money to barter for it, even though the sulphurous flames of hell would lick their red tongues through the floor beneath his feet, reaching out to seize him before his time; though he could see, through door and window, the air filled with the gibbering phantoms of the victims he has sent to their doom, and the hideous faces of grinning imps, awaiting the hour when he shall become their prey! Why should such men be tolerated? How long shall it be before the sons of honest toil in this land arise in the majesty of their united power, and join in one irresistible effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power?

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For 18 subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to those who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

THE New Hampshire constitutional convention has completed its work, and the amendments agreed upon will be submitted to the people at a special election to be held on March 11. The most important of these are those providing that the biennial session of the legislature shall begin on the first Wednesday in January instead of June, and giving the legislators a salary of $200 in lieu of $3 a day for their services. These things are both desirable, and the ratification of the amendments is pretty certainly assured. Of the adoption of the proposed prohibitory amendment there is much difference of opinion. Its friends believe there is no doubt of its carrying, while others declare it to be very uncertain. The submission of such an amendment to the people, however, is in accordance with precedents set by other states, and is the best practical test that can be made of the strength of the prohibition sentiment.

THE Springer bill, which has been passed by the Democrats of the House, is a substitute for the Senate bill to admit South Dakota as a state. It provides for the admission of Dakota, Montana, Washington and New Mexico, but requires them to comply with certain conditions which they are either unable or unwilling to accede to. In this way Mr. SPRINGER has defeated any action by this Congress by which South Dakota might enter the Union About the justice of the claims of South Dakota to statehood there is no question, while there are arguments to be brought against the admission of some other territories mentioned in Springer's bill. They may be eligible, but it has not been proved that they are, as is the case with South Dakota. Springer makes the questionable plea of equality to all, in order to prevent justice to one.

A BILL has been favorably reported in both houses of Congress to place Gen. W. S. ROSECRANS on the retired list of the army. He is at present Register of the treasury. If the bill becomes a law he will receive retired pay at the rate of $4,000 per annum. When the bill retiring Gen. GRANT was before the Forty-eighth Congress, Gen. ROSECRANS, then a member of that body, vigorously opposed the bill, and it is understood that certain members who were offended at his action then will turn his own arguments against him when the above bill comes before the House.

IT is announced that a new discovery in the manufacture of gas has been perfected, which for both illuminating and heating purposes is most remarkable. A boiler capable of running a 15-horse-power engine can be run for ten cents per day. Gas is the fuel of the future, whether we depend on the few years' supply stored in the earth, or manufacture it.

THE latest reports from Delaware are that the peach fruit-buds are phenomenal in number, and in excellent condition. The little state is probably preparing to celebrate the election of her first Republican Senator by an enormous crop of her principal product.

A TRUST has been formed among the steel rail manufacturers of Great Britain and the countries of Europe. Will some free trader kindly explain, if trusts are created by a tariff, how it is possible for a steel rail trust to exist in free trade England?

THE abolition of the internal revenue taxes is favored by many of the leading Southern papers, and at least twenty Southern Congressmen—Democrats, of course—showed by their votes the other day that they are of the same mind.

GENERAL HARRISON'S gift of eloquent silence has not deserted him.

ELECTING THE PRESIDENT.

The Presidential electors of the thirty-eight states of the Union have cast their votes for President, and the result stands thus:

Republican.		Democrat.	
California	8	Alabama	10
Colorado	3	Arkansas	7
Illinois	22	Connecticut	6
Indiana	15	Delaware	3
Iowa	13	Florida	4
Kansas	9	Georgia	12
Maine	6	Kentucky	13
Massachusetts	14	Louisiana	8
Michigan	13	Maryland	8
Minnesota	7	Mississippi	9
Nebraska	5	Missouri	16
Nevada	3	New Jersey	9
New Hampshire	4	North Carolina	11
New York	36	South Carolina	9
Ohio	23	Tennessee	12
Oregon	3	Texas	13
Pennsylvania	30	Virginia	12
Rhode Island	4	West Virginia	6
Vermont	4		
Wisconsin	11	For Cleveland and Thurman	168
For Harrison and Morton	233		

It is worth all the trouble it costs to maintain the electoral system, in order to have the example of moral honesty and good faith which the electors exhibit. The electors are, legally, free to vote for any one they may choose for President or Vice President. But this has not hapened once in the history of the United States, nor is there a case where, for money or any other consideration, an elector proved false to the trust reposed in him.

This was tried, both openly and covertly, in 1876. Mr. TILDEN'S highly moral friends made a concerted appeal to the vanity of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, then an elector for Massachusetts, and tried to get him to betray his constituents by voting for TILDEN. The attempt failed. Down in the South, and in Oregon, SMITH M. WEED, MANTON MARBLE, and WILLIAM PELTON tried hard to bribe one or more Republican electors to vote for TILDEN, but there also the attempt failed. It is not probable such an attempt will be made again during the lifetime of the present generation, if ever.

The last ceremony needed to record the national verdict will be held at Washington on the second Wednesday in February, the 13th, when the two houses of Congress meet in joint session at the Capitol to receive the votes of the Presidential electors, canvass them, and officially declare the names of the new President and Vice President. Section 4 of the new law sets forth in detail the manner in which the electoral vote shall be finally counted, as follows:

"Congress shall be in session on the second Wednesday in February succeeding every meeting of the electors. The Senate and House of Representatives shall meet in the House of Representatives at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, and the President of the Senate shall be their presiding officer. Two tellers shall be previously appointed on the part of the Senate and two on the part of the House of Representatives, to whom shall be handed, as they are opened by the President of the Senate, all the certificates and papers purporting to be certificates of the electoral votes, which certificates and papers shall be opened, presented and acted upon in the alphabetical order of the states, beginning with the letter A; and said tellers, having then read the same in the presence and hearing of the two houses, shall make a list of the votes cast as they shall appear from the said certificates; and the votes having been ascertained and counted in the manner and according to the rules in this act provided, the result of the same shall be delivered to the President of the Senate, who shall thereupon announce the state of the vote, which announcement shall be deemed a sufficient declaration of the persons, if any, elected President and Vice President of the United States, and, together with a list of the votes, be entered upon the journals of the two houses.

While at Washington attending the late Wool-growers' convention, the editor of the *American Wool Reporter* interviewed a number of Republican Congressional leaders on tariff legislation and the likelihood of an extra session after the inauguration. He has arrived at the conclusion that an extra session is inevitable, because, for one and an important reason, "the narrowness of the Republican majority renders a speedy organization of the incoming House of Representatives a reasonable political precaution." His conclusions as to probable tariff legislation are as follows:

1. That there will be an extra session of Congress, at which a tariff bill will be passed, if the improbable event of its passage by the present session does not occur.

2. That some of the moderate protectionists, like Senators Aldrich and Allison, will strive hard to secure the passage of a bill at this session by mutual concessions between themselves and the Democrats, rectifying the inequalities of the worsted clause and, perhaps, cutting off the cuties upon carpet wools.

3. That many protectionists are opposed to the passage of a tariff bill at the present session, believing that more satisfactory rates of duty could be obtained from the next Congress, and that any measure which should be pushed through at the fag end of this Congress would be badly framed and inadequate.

ONE of the significant straws which shows the way the wind is blowing is the crusade of Father FRANSIOLA, of St. Peter's Catholic church, Brooklyn, against the rum-holes. He declares that he can shut the saloons up in short order if his bishop will only speak the word. The efforts of the worthy father to secure temperance pledges has resulted in a counter-boycott of his church by the liquor dealers, who threaten to withhold their contributions. If the patrons of the saloons would put the money spent for liquor in the contribution boxes the church would easily stand the loss of the saloon-keepers' contributions.

JUDGE WOODS'S somewhat noted charge to the United States grand jury at Indianapolis was, in substance, that they could not return an indictment against Col. W. W. DUDLEY unless it was proved that the instructions as contained in the famous letter he is charged by Democrats with writing, were actually carried into effect by the person receiving it. As no one has yet been found who was prepared to acknowledge even the receipt of the letter it is believed that Colonel DUDLEY will not be indicted.

UNCLE SAM'S navy promises to be something more than a laughing-stock for other nations, if the work of building new vessels keeps on. The naval appropriation bill, as completed, appropriates $20,000,000 in round numbers, and authorizes the construction of a dynamite cruiser to cost $450,000, on the pattern of the Vesuvius, which has attained such remarkable speed, and a 3,500-ton cruising monitor, to cost $1,500,000, on the plan originated by Representative THOMAS, of Illinois.

THERE is considerable silly talk going the rounds about a rupture in the Republican party of this, that or the other state if such a man does not obtain a Cabinet position. There will be no row, no matter who is chosen and who is "left." In the choice of his Cabinet adviser Mr. HARRISON has an undoubted right to please himself, and the Republicans are not disposed to raise a disturbance over the exercise of that right, even if his preference does not fall upon their favorite.

THE Chicago *Journal* need have no hesitancy in amending the phraseology of the first line of the following paragraph, so as to state it as a fact instead of a mere rumor:

It is alleged that "Chairman" Calvin S. Brice is intent on being elected United States Senator from Ohio, to succeed Payne in 1891. This is supposed to have been the object of his recent visit to President Cleveland, and that it was accompanied by general plans of the Cleveland Democracy for the future. If "Rainbow-chaser" Brice is permitted to manage his own campaign in case he is a candidate, as supposed, he will be certain to not "get there."

THE Republicans of the Pennsylvania legislature have decided in caucus that the proposed prohibitory amendment to the state constitution shall be passed at once and be submitted to a popular vote afterward. Hence there will probably be three states whose people will vote on constitutional prohibition this year—Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Nebraska.

TWENTY-FIVE state legislatures are in session, and the law-making industry is correspondingly brisk.

BUSINESS PROPHECIES.

A gentleman named SAMUEL BENNER is tolerably well known through the publication of a little book, several years ago, in which he propounds a "law of periodicity" in business crises, the period being in the neighborhood of twenty years between each crash. Thus, from the great panic of 1837 to that of 1857 was twenty years; from that to 1873, the next crash, was but sixteen years, but Mr. BENNER accounts for this shortening by the war and the anomalous conditions of trade which it produced. And now he comes with another prophecy of coming disaster.

It may be remembered that last fall Mr. BENNER made the prediction, with extreme confidence the election of HARRISON and the triumph of the protective theory, which were to be followed, he said, by renewed prosperity in the business world and by higher prices and brisker work. He how makes a forecast of the business situation for the next three years, which is as follows:

The outcome of the Presidential election has laid a broad basis for a general recovery of confidence, an element that has been wanting for the past four years, which we have observed by the many idle furnaces, mills and factories, and the lowest prices for nails, steel rails and pig iron for a number of years.

The year 1889 opens with cheerful hopes. Our crops during the past year have been abundant; the prospects of an increased foreign demand for our surplus grain and provisions at advanced prices over the former renewed energy. We must look forward to a hot and dry summer this year, and as we are not yet beyond the period for a general drought. However, with fair early crops business and prices will show considerable improvement in the spring months.

We are at the beginning of a prosperous period, and the outlook is for a decided improvement and advance in the prices of iron, railroad stocks and in all manufactured commodities. Whenever our manufacturers are prosperous every industrial class is prosperous.

I predict that the price of iron will advance and the average price for the year 1889 will be higher than the average for 1888, and I also predict that there will be a wonderful advance in prices for iron, stocks and all products and commodities in the year 1890; all business will be prosperous; it will be a year of good crops, and the boom year in this period of activity.

In the beginning of the year 1891 speculation will be at its height—a great business inflation—pig iron $60 per ton in the markets of our country.

I predict that there will be a panic in the year 1891. The over-trading and general inflation of business and expansion of credit and confidence will produce this result. The panic probably will be brought about by the effects of heavy rainfalls and floods, or by the collapse of some large financial business firm.

This panic will be accompanied and financial revulsion, and will be followed by a long down sweep of prices.

Mr. BENNER can see no reason for the crisis he foretells. He pins his faith on the periodic law he has formulated, and because the period will be up in 1891, he declares the crisis will be on time. He prophesies a business boom of which there are yet no signs. The outlook is for good trade, but there is nothing on which to base any extraordinary activity. On the contrary, railway building will apparently not be pushed to so great an extent this year as it has for several past seasons, and this discounts the chance of any extreme activity in the iron markets or mills. In point of fact, we can look back and see the chain of causes, in the tariff reductions and other factors, to produce the revulsions of 1837 and 1857, and the inflation of the currency and the era of wild speculation following the war account for that of 1873. But there is nothing in the present conditions on which to forecast a repetition of these disasters in 1891. We fancy the "law of periodicity" is a mere coincidence, which will fail to "coincide" this time.

SHEIK HAMED BEN MAHOMED.

"JIPPOO TIB" is merely his name when he is camping out, or on a lark with the boys. When he sits in court as the arbiter of the Soudan country, he is his Excellency "Sheik HAMED BEN MAHOMED," the great chief of the way trade and slave traffic of "the Dark Continent." He it is whom STANLEY, "his good friend," salutes with "many salaams to you," and well he may; for this chief is the most illustrious follower of MAHOMET the prophet to-day.

He directs the commerce of two hundred millions of people; he turns the Mussulmans against the naval armament of England and Germany in the East coast of Africa; he orders that the missionary station shall be burned and the "infidel dogs" be banished from the land of the followers of the prophet; he declares that no outside power shall hold Zanzibar as a vassal, but that "Africa shall be for Africans;" and yet the white-faced STANLEY is his friend, and the best of the lot.

THE clerk of the House of Representatives will be placed in a delicate position by receiving a regular certificate from the governor of Tennessee, certifying to the election of EVANS, the Republican candidate in the disputed district. It will then be for him, in the exercise of the extraordinary and absolute discretion vested in him by law, to determine which one of those papers he shall place upon the roll. The one will be a regular certificate, under the seal of the state, issued by the governor of the state, certifying to the election of the Republican; the other will be the paper above described. It is safe to say that if the Republicans have five or seven majority, the clerk of the House will not assume such an arbitrary authority as to place upon the roll this document which has been sent him by the secretary of state of Tennessee; that if in any contingency it should happen that the control of the next House of Representatives should depend upon a single vote, it perhaps would not be a very rash prediction to declare that the clerk of the House might strain his power and put upon the roll the name of the Democrat, claiming that the records of the state of Tennessee show that a certificate in due form was issued but not delivered to BATES, the Democratic candidate.

THE latest story concerning Mr. BLAINE is set in circulation by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which is in the form of a conversation which Mr. BLAINE is alleged to have held with Mr. ELKINS last August, in which he declared his wish to hold no more public office, but to take up his residence in Washington, devoting the remainder of his life to privacy and literary pursuits. He would, he said, accept no office except "in a great emergency as a party duty." If these are Mr. BLAINE'S sentiments now, it is safe to say that he will not be the next secretary of State; but the question arises, is the *Courier-Journal's* source of information absolutely reliable?

WELL, well! Mr. BISMARCK, we will keep tally, and merely remind you that we will have some fun in those islands of the Pacific yet. You may indulge in the missionary business on the coast of Africa, but we propose to attend to this part of the world. We give you fair warning that some day we propose to run a navy, and from San Francisco will make delightful winter resorts of a great many of those beautiful gems in the Southwest Pacific group. "Hear ye! hear ye!"

THE Pacific coast sealers are going to sail in force for Behring Sea, and take their chances of being captured by United States vessels. Last year they kept away, but British sealers took fur seals without any interference from our pusillanimous State department. Hence the present action.

THE Michiganders think Gen. ALGER is certain of cabinet preferment. Let us see: What was it Mr. SHERMAN'S friends stated as to that matter?

GENERAL HARRISON is reported as saying, "I never saw such a scramble for office in my life." He will see a bigger one after he reaches the White House.

THE SAMOAN TROUBLES.

The sensational news of the tearing down of the American flag on the Samoan Islands and other outrages upon the United States government and its citizens, aroused general interest in the situation there. The causes of the troubles were discussed in these columns some time ago, but we will briefly summarize them again for the benefit of our readers:

The Samoan, or Navigator's Islands, are in the South Pacific, almost directly in the line of traffic between San Francisco and Australia and New Zealand. The United States has acquired, by treaty, a coaling station there. There are quite a number of Americans engaged in trade there, and our interests form a somewhat important total. It was agreed by Germany, the United States and Great Britain that the Samoans should choose a king according to their usual methods, without foreign interference.

The choice fell upon MALIETOA, who is the choice of the greater number of the Samoans. A rebellion against his authority was set up by TAMASESE, and the Germans favor this usurper, because he is subservient to their influence, and not because he would have the slightest chance of holding the throne without their help. The Americans and English, who want peace in the islands on account of commercial interests represented there, incline to favor MALIETOA, who, though a captive in the hands of the Germans, has the great majority of the people with him, and whose representative, MATAAFA, has just beaten the Germans in a sharp fight. The Malietoa party seem to have the right on their side; but the Germans cannot see how the United States, which has no intention to annex Samoa, should interfere with their setting up of their protected pretender.

The battle of January 5, in which the American flag was torn down, and other outrages committed, was participated in by German marines, and undoubtedly inspired by German authority. It was a step in the scheme to bring Samoa into the possession of Germany. It is a favorite plan of England to foment disturbances among savage peoples, assist one faction to crush the other, and then absorb the territory in dispute as pay for her services; and it seems evident that Germany is playing the same game in Samoa.

We have no doubt the German government will finally disavow the acts of disrespect and outrage toward the United States, and make proper reparation; for she certainly does not want to get into a war with us over Samoa any more than we desire to be drawn into a struggle of such magnitude from so small a cause. Nevertheless, the dignity and honor of the nation must be maintained, even if we have to send force enough to Samoa to drive out every German.

Secretary BAYARD has authorized Admiral KIMBERLY, commander of the warship Trenton, which is ordered to the Samoan Islands, to protest against the interference with Americans on the part of the German officials there, while expressing a willingness to co-operate with them in restoring peace under a native government. Germany, through her diplomatic agents in this country, has expressed her desire to live up to the treaties made by England, Germany and the United States establishing a joint protectorate over the islands and guaranteeing a native government.

THE BLADE AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

The BLADE has always aimed to bring out a list of useful household articles, wherewith to supply its readers who may need them, without their having to pay the several intermediate profits with which they are charged when they purchase of local dealers. We have always aimed to obtain articles or actual necessity in families, and also to have them of the *very best* quality; and we have always sold them at a price which will not more than cover the actual cost of production and our trouble in handling them.

A few years ago we were offered sewing machines by various companies—cheap affairs, which were sold as premiums with various newspapers. They were not as good as we desired, nor were we able to get a really reliable and thoroughly well-made machine at a low price. Hence the BLADE, at an expense of a great many thousand dollars, built a factory, filled it with machinery especially adapted to the manufacture of sewing machines, and since it has been in operation has scattered many thousands of BLADE Sewing Machines throughout the United States. It is a perfectly reliable machine, as good as any on the market, simple, durable and cheap; for we can furnish it, and the Weekly BLADE for one year, for $18.

The books which are offered in connection with the BLADE are of our own publication, and of the highest standard of excellence in their particular lines. We furnish them, with the BLADE, at prices not over *one-third* those at which the same class of books sell for in stores. Our stock of "Nasby's" books is going very fast, and they will soon be out of print. Our catalogue of books offers the very best selection for holiday presents, especially Miss Bouton's books, which should be in every family.

The last step we have taken in the line of supplying household needs is in bringing out the BLADE Bench Wringer, which is announced elsewhere. We have had a large number manufactured for us by one of the largest factories in the country. They are made of the best material, under the latest and best patents, and are sold at the lowest possible price. They are offered, with the BLADE, at half the price that a wringer alone of this quality can be purchased for at retail, and as cheap as the very cheapest and poorest tub wringer can be bought at the stores.

We aim to bring out only such articles as are really household necessities, and no one need hesitate to order anything we offer in connection with the paper, for the reason that we are willing to, and do, guarantee everything which we offer over our own name.

The announcements of the BLADE Sewing Machine, the BLADE Watch, the BLADE Wringer, and the BLADE Books will be found on the fifth page. Read them carefully.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLAD *everywhere*.

THE Hon. ANTHONY HIGGINS, United States Senator from Delaware, has not the largest constituency in the world, but he has an illustrious record. He is 48 years old, a Yale man, an eminent lawyer, and not unacquainted with politics. GRANT selected him as United States district attorney, which place was held for eight years. He was one of the original three hundred apparently hopeless minority Republicans of his state. At last "his greatness is ripening." He will be welcomed as the successor of that big brained JOHN M. CLAYTON, of Delaware, one of the greatest Whigs of his time.

THE Senate Finance committee has recommended an amendment to the sugar schedule of the tariff bill, providing for a bounty of one cent a pound on cane, sorghum and beet sugar. Such a bounty would make the sugar industry prosperous in every part of the country, and nothing but the howl of "subsidy" will prevent its adoption.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

By the ruling of a secretary of the Treasury, under the tariff revision law of 1881, tin plate is admitted into the United States at a rate of duty less than the thin sheets of iron of which it is made. The result of that ruling was to destroy the tin-plate industry of the United States. Not a pound of it is made in this country, simply because it can be imported cheaper than we can make it, as labor is so much cheaper abroad than here. We have extensive tin deposits in Dakota and New Mexico, that would doubtless prove very advantageous were it profitable to work them. The Senate tariff bill has remedied the blunder of 1881, and fixes a duty that will allow of its manufacture in this country. The rate is at present made to vary with the thinness of the plates, that of No. 20 wire gauge being a cent a pound, and on the thinner grades 1 and 1-10, 1 and 3-10 and 1 and 4-10 cents a pound. The Senate bill preserves this necessary distinction, but adds ¾ of a cent a pound on every grade, to be operative after January 1, 1890.

Last year we imported nearly $20,000,000 worth of tin-plate, which we could have just as well have manufactured ourselves, and kept this enormous sum of money at home. Within a year we shall have tin-plate factories in full operation, if the bill shall become a law, and thousands of men be given steady employment at good wages. A lesson may be learned from our experiment with railway rails. Iron rails used to cost, in the "good old Democratic low tariff days," from $60 to $80 a ton. Under the tariff the manufacture of steel rails, which are several times as durable as iron ones, was begun in the United States, and we now buy them at home for about $28 per ton. Steel rails, imported, cost from $150 to $160 per ton in 1867, and the $28 article sold to-day is better in every respect. We may expect a similar experience in the matter of tin-plate.

A CENSUS OF VETERANS.

One of the propositions which the Senate committee having charge of the Census bill is carefully considering is that which calls for a census of Union and Confederate veterans. It is desired to secure an enumeration of name, age, residence, length of service and command in which each veteran served in each case. The memorial which has been presented states that the census is desirable in the first place because it will supply the materials for computing the cost of a service pension. It will also furnish a complete directory of all surviving Union veterans, and in this way hasten the adjudication of claims at the pension office, where much delay is occasioned by the difficulty in finding addresses of comrades whose testimony is required; and finally, the facts, when collected, will have great scientific value.

Some of the soldiers, on their return from the field, believed that they had been benefited and invigorated by the service, but in the majority of cases, especially among the long service men, the veterans appear to be more liable to disease, less able to work, and obliged to retire earlier from business than men of the same age who stayed at home. The census cannot go into the question of greater liability to disease, but by ascertaining present age and length of service of survivors, conclusions can be reached as to the effect of army service on length of life. Should the census prove that life is not shortened unless the man contracts wounds or specific disease, the government will in future wars obtain volunteers easier than it can now, with incorrect ideas on this subject prevalent among the people. Should the contrary be proved, the obligations of the government to its veterans will be placed in a clearer light.

TO THE "OLD GUARD."

We ask the BLADE'S patrons, each and every one, to do us the favor to take a postal card, write on it the name and address of *ten* of their neighbors and friends and send it to us, so that we may mail sample copies of the present issue containing the opening portion of our great, new $2,500 serial. It should be read by everybody.

RETURNS made to Attorney General GARLAND show that the expense to the general government of the recent election was $254,585, of which $125,585 was paid to deputy marshals and $129,000 to supervisors. The deputy marshals were appointed by the marshals, and were consequently nearly all Democrats, while the supervisors were the appointees of the judges of the United States district courts, who, with but three exceptions, are all Republicans, so that the money was pretty evenly divided between the two parties. In Philadelphia the marshal, being a new man, didn't know anything about the appointment of deputies until a day before election, while the judge, being an old hand at the business, had his men all sworn in. The consequence was that the deputies only drew about $300, while the supervisors were paid $38,000.

SOMEBODY has been starting the foolish story that ANDREW CARNEGIE is to be offered a Cabinet position. It is a question whether he is eligible, because of his foreign birth. The constitution provides that only a native born citizen shall be eligible to the Presidency or Vice Presidency. The new Presidential succession bill vests the succession to the Presidency, after the Vice President, in the members of the Cabinet. While there is no express provision of law for such a case as this would be, it would seem to be an inferential case of ineligibility at least.

CLEVELAND'S carefully laid little plan, to retire SWAIM, and then appoint Pension Commissioner BLACK as judge advocate general, is a failure, because the Army Regulations, which, by a decision of the United States Supreme court, have the force of law, reads as follows: "Appointment to the rank of general officer will be made by selection from the army." So the "physical wreck" will have to pass into retirement along with his chief and the rest of the Democratic office-holders.

No WONDER the salt men don't want their infant left unprotected. They made a net profit of 56 cents a barrel on their output of 3,300,000 barrels last year.—*Chicago News.*

The free traders are beginning their old tactics. Salt sells in Saginaw, Mich., at wholesale at 51 to 55 cents a barrel—the barrel alone costing 21 cents. The facts overthrow the *News's* theory pretty effectually.

IT will require not more than six years to complete the Nicaragua canal, and the total cost will not be over $60,000,000. This is not one-third of what the Panama canal has already cost, nor one-fourth as much as the latter still needs to complete it.

EVERY friend of prohibition should not only read our new $2,500 story, which teaches a temperance moral, but should send the names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies of the BLADE containing the first installment.

THE Cowles bill to reduce internal revenue taxation is a verbatim transcript from the Mills bill; and the Democrats in the House have either to go back on their vote on the latter measure or else support Mr. COWLES'S bill.

THERE is an United States law which commands that state legislatures which have to elect United States Senators shall do so on the second Tuesday after organization. Hence there were ballotings in seven states on Tuesday, the 15th.

Our New Story

Begun in this Issue of the BLADE.

And a Plan, Originating with Mr. D. R. Locke,

Carried Out for the Benefit of BLADE Readers.

We begin our new story in this issue of the BLADE. The first instalment is merely introductory of the scene of the story, and some of the characters who figure in its pages. The incidents are largely real, and it turns upon the temperance problem and the modern influences which are undermining religion and making our people practically infidels.

The story was arranged for by the late D. R. LOCKE, shortly before his death. He desired to publish a strong, realistic serial, turning upon the evils of the Rum traffic and upon certain phases of modern infidelity, which should also be pure in morals, and in all respects such a tale as parents would be glad to have their children read; a tale that ministers could earnestly commend to their people; and one that, through its absorbing interest, would be thoroughly and heartily welcomed by every reader of the BLADE.

"People *will* read stories," Mr. LOCKE remarked to the present writer, in discussing the project, "and there is no reason why the BLADE shall not publish one that will commend itself to every parent, every woman, every man—indeed to everybody who reads at all." As before stated, Mr. LOCKE arranged for the writing of the story, whose author had too many engagements then on hand for his pen to allow the writing of the story before the present time.

For this story the BLADE pays the sum of $2,500 in cash.

We wish *everybody* to read it. Subscribe AT ONCE, so as to get it complete.

Renew your subscription, for this story alone is worth the entire year's subscription, ten times over!

Special Request.

Send us, AT ONCE, on a postal card, the names of ten of your neighbors, whom you think would like to read it, that we may send them sample copies of this issue of the BLADE, with the first installment. We are sending out many thousands of sample numbers of 'this week's paper, and will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us ten names on a postal card. Do it AT ONCE.

"SORROWS OF THE SALOONIST."

Under this heading, the Cincinnati *Southwest*, the special organ of the retail liquor dealers of Ohio, publishes the following statement of the severe experience of the saloonkeepers of Iowa:

BURLINGTON, Ia., Jan. 8.—An important move for the enforcement of the prohibitory law took place yesterday. The sheriff made a raid on a wholesale liquor establishment and seized about 200 barrels of whisky and about 100 cases of wine. The Hotel Duncan saloon was subjected to a raid from the sheriff last evening. Mayor Duncan is the proprietor of this hotel. These raids have caused a great sensation among the liquor and saloon men, and it is the general belief that a number of them contemplate removing beyond the limits of the state.

To the foregoing the *Southwest* significantly adds: "Oh, no! Prohibition don't prohibit!"

WHILE it is true that statistics are very valuable in ascertaining the business condition of the country, it must be borne in mind that the country is steadily growing, and the rate of growth must be taken into consideration wherever comparisons are made, else the results will be misleading. This is especially the case when considering the number of business failures for the year. In this connection the following, from the New York *Financial Chronicle*, will be found worthy of preservation for its statistical value. The last column gives the number of firms in business to one failure:

Year.	No. of Failures.	No. in Business.	One Failure to
1888	10,679	1,046,462	98
1887	9,634	994,241	103
1886	9,834	969,841	98
1885	10,637	919,990	86
1884	10,968	904,759	83
1883	9,184	863,993	94
1882	6,738	822,256	122
1881	5,582	781,689	140
1880	4,735	746,823	158
1879	6,658	702,157	105
1878	10,478	674,741	64

THERE is a revival at Sioux City, Iowa, of the same trouble which prece

TO TEACHERS AND MINISTERS.

We class the two together, for both, each in their own sphere, are doing the mightiest work for civilization and Christianity. We appeal to every teacher to interest himself in placing the BLADE in every family which is a patron of his school. Our new story is one that the children will read with avidity, but which will teach them the lessons of self-control and obedience to Divine law. The BLADE itself is an educator for the young, for its columns are filled with useful facts, and its Question Bureau is a mine of information for all classes.

Every Christian minister, in these days when to be a doubter of the truths of revealed religion is considered "progressive," should be anxious to put our new story in the hands of every family in his church. When the reading world is convulsed over "Robert Elsmere," and other works of fiction which teach infidelity, we offer a story which teaches the reverse—in which the arguments of unbelievers are met fully and squarely, and the cause of Christianity is championed. Read the announcement on the fourth page.

WEST VIRGINIA BOURBOUNISM.

The Democrats in West Virginia, ever since the election, have been trying to annul the will of the people and keep Governor GOFF from occupying the seat to which he was elected. They tried first through the courts to prevent the returns from Kanawha county from being returned to the legislature, as the returns from the remainder of the state would give the governorship to FLEMING, the Democratic candidate. The Supreme court, however, compelled the Kanawha returns to be delivered to the legislature.

The legislature met, by this time. The House has a narrow Democratic majority. The Senate is equally divided between Republicans and Democrats, with LUCAS, a Labor man, elected by Republican votes, holding the balance of power. The law requires that, as soon as both houses are organized, they shall meet in joint session, canvass the vote for state officers, and declare the result. The Republicans learned that the plan of the Democrats was, to take the ground, in joint session, that they had the power to inquire into the validity of the returns. The Democrats have a majority in the joint session, and the Republicans would have been powerless to prevent the intended count-out. So they refused to organize the Senate, and a joint session could not be held.

Then the present Democratic governor, WILSON, announced that, if the legislature did not organize and count the votes by March 4, when his term expires, he would retain his office under the provisions of the state constitution which declares that an official shall hold on until his successor is elected and has qualified. Mr. WILSON admits that General GOFF is elected on the face of the returns, and the only bar to his taking office is that he has not qualified.

This programme has now been checkmated by the Republicans of the Senate, who formed a combination with LUCAS, the Labor member, electing him President of that body, and thereby organizing the Senate. The constitutional provision will allow him to take the gubernatorial chair on March 4, if the result is not declared before that day.

What the outcome will be it is hard to say. There are contested seats in both branches of the legislature, and it may be that the effort to control the joint session will be made by unseating Democrats in the Senate and Republicans in the House. The one fact that is admitted on all sides is that GOFF is rightfully elected governor. The duty of the joint session is purely ministerial and declaratory, and if the Democrats refuse to allow GOFF's election to be formally announced, the consequences will be on their own heads.

THE RAGE FOR "CHEAP" THINGS.

There are many people whose sole aim, in purchasing any article, is to get it cheap. This is all right, unless it be pushed to an extreme. Every one ought to be willing to pay a fair price for whatever he may require, for it is certain that if any article be sold below its absolute value, it may be "cheap" to the buyer, but somebody has been wronged or cheated. It may be the workpeople who produced it were compelled to labor at starvation wages to produce it, and so were both oppressed and cheated. And this is, unfortunately, the case with many articles—notably ready-made clothing and articles of ladies' wear, which are made by women and children in cities at wages that barely suffice for the simplest necessities of life.

How can any person wax eloquent over the woes of these underpaid slaves of toil, and yet make every effort to purchase the articles they produce at a few cents' lower price? There is too much made of "cheapness." It is a certainty that the people are best served when labor of all kinds brings a living profit, whether in the making or the selling of goods. The man who continually harps on cheapness is not far from either being a fool or a cheat. If he sells below real value, he is a fool for throwing away his lawful profit; he is a falsifier and a cheat if his goods are actually worth no more than the price he gets for them.

SPAIN has a baby king, and the death of KING WILLIAM of Holland, which in the course of nature can not long be delayed, will place another child upon an European throne. The old king was born 72 years ago. All his children by his first marriage are dead, the last passing away several years ago. Ten years ago the old king married the second time, choosing for his bride the young and beautiful Princess EMMA of Waldeck-Pyrmont, a sister of the Duchess of Albany. The offspring of the second marriage is the Princess WILHELMINA, of the Netherlands, born August 31, 1880. The old king, after her birth, arranged a project for a regency, which received the approval of the States General. By this arrangement Queen EMMA will become regent for the child queen. The absurdity of child sovereigns should arouse the spirit of republicanism in Europe. The people should be able to govern themselves, without the costly travesty of a royal court with an infant on the throne.

A LATE decision of Judge JACKSON, in the United States Circuit court at Louisville, has an important bearing upon the jurisdiction of the Inter-state Commerce commerce commission. He holds that the commission is not a final tribunal; that an action in court is necessary to enforce its recommendations; and that its reports are simply in the nature of reports by referees. Judge JACKSON says that the commission possesses neither judicial power nor the power to enforce its recommendations; that the court is not precluded from inquiring into matters reported on by the commission, and is not bound by its determination. This view of the powers of the commission restricts their scope very materially, and would confine the operations of the Inter-state Commerce law within far narrower limits than were contemplated in its enactment.

THE trade reports for the week show a general tendency toward lower prices. The effect of the agreement to hold up railway freight rates has checked distribution to some extent, and has weakened the iron market particularly. The output of boots and shoes is one-third greater than the demand, and this affords a reason for the lower prices ruling. The prices of grain tend downward, and the outlook is for quietness in trade circles until the spring trade sets in.

WHEN the present Congress expires, on March 4, the last Greenbacker will leave that body—WEAVER, of Iowa.

LIQUOR LICENSE.

THE MOVEMENT FAVORING IT.

It Began in the West and is Spreading Eastward—The First Experiment in Nebraska—Local Option Laws—Results of Experience in the Various States.

The high license movement, which now takes the shape in New York of a proposal by the Excise Revision committee to raise saloon licenses, has a history which is brief but very interesting. It began in the West, has spread mainly eastward and shows a constant growth. It has everywhere brought remarkable results in the way of decreasing the number of saloons, driving the lowest of them out of business altogether and increasing the public revenue. It has in all cases been carried by the Republican party and bitterly opposed by the Democrats, aided by the united liquor interest. The struggles have been in the press, at the polls, in the Legislature, and finally in the courts, and of the hottest kind from first to last.

The first notable experiment of the kind was in Nebraska, where the Republican legislature in 1882 made a law fixing the license fee in towns at $500 and in the larger cities at $1,000. The measure was adopted in preference to submitting a prohibition amendment, and the results were abundantly satisfactory to the friends of practical temperance reform. Gov. DAWES of that state wrote in 1883: "It is the best law upon the subject that has ever come under my observation, and I may add that, while it is sweeping in its provisions, it is also a success both in its practical workings and enforcement." Mayor BOYD, of Omaha, wrote the same year, more in detail, as follows:

"We had 170 saloons in our city of 35,000 people, paying a license of $100 per annum, and the feeling was very bitter among the saloons against the new law at first. A liquor union was formed, and out of 150 saloon keepers present at the last meeting, previous to the time the law was to take effect only one man voted to take out the $1,000 license, the others voting to fight the law. I told them that while I was mayor I would enforce the law, and I did; only two persons selling openly without license. Those two were prosecuted and fined $100 for each offense, the fines and costs in one case being over $600.

"We now have about seventy saloons, paying $1,000 each, where we had 170 paying $100 each. The lowest class are 'frozen out' of the business, and the liquor trade is in the hands of the responsible and better class. In Lincoln, the state capital, of 15,000 population, there are but four saloons."

The results in Nevada were so good that Illinois Republicans were encouraged to try the same plan, especially as under the system of fixing the fee by municipal authority high license had already made a success there in a local way. Thus Blandinsville, with 1,200 people, charged $1,200 for a license, and had but a single saloon; Monmouth, with 4,000 inhabitants and an $800 fee, had four saloons, and so on. And Joliet, with 20,000 people, had within a year cut the number of saloons down from 107 to 60 by raising the charge from $50 to $500. The great need for the general law was in Chicago, where the fee was $52, and the liquor interest had such a grip on the government that there was no hope of getting it raised. Accordingly in the spring of 1883 the "Harper law" was enacted, after the usual bitter party fight, which fixed the minimum amount for a saloon license at $500, with $150 for malt liquors only. The law was attacked with all possible vigor in the courts, and the Democratic administration of Chicago manipulated matters so as actually to suspend its operation there for months; but the inevitable effect came nevertheless, and in September, 1884, the Chicago *Tribune* summed up the results so far thus:

"The Harper law has been in force in the state for over a year, and in Chicago for four months. During this time it has increased the money in the city treasury from $300,000 to nearly $1,500,000. It has increased the revenue of the state from $700,000 to $4,500,000. It has saved the tax-payers of Chicago over $1,000,000. It has swept out of existence 4,000 of the 13,000 saloons in the state, those which have been closed being the lowest and most dangerous class."

Meantime a struggle about the same matter was in progress in Ohio. A clause in the constitution of that state forbids the licensing of liquor selling, and this provision, intended to be prohibitory, in practice gave absolutely free rum in every town and city, and had for 30 years. There was no licensing, no income from licenses, and no check whatever upon the sale of liquor beyond what was given by the general laws. To get around the constitutional difficulty a bill was prepared and passed in 1882 imposing a tax on saloons. This was known as the "Pond law." Democrats hotly opposed the thing from first to last, the whole liquor question came into great prominence in the election of 1882 as well as of the other years immediately before and after, and in fact the effort to give Ohio a high license law became more political and bloody than has been seen in any of the other states from this cause. The Pond law, however, did not stand the test of the courts. All sorts of charges were made about the partisanship of the Supreme court, and, anyhow it upset the law because of the constitutional provision referred to, and the Republicans had all their work to go over again. They went promptly about it, however, and in 1883 made another law, called the "Scott law," which met the technical objection brought against the other and stood fire. It imposed a tax of $100 for malt liquors and $200 for spirits, and under this moderate charge the first year's assessments amounted to nearly $2,000,000 for the state.

Michigan had a similar experience a little later, and charged a $200 fee for beer and $500 for liquors. The governor of the state wrote: "Under the tax law, the number of places where intoxicating liquor is sold have decreased one half. It is the interest of all who pay the tax to see that none escape payment, and the tax is collected as nearly as any other tax."

Pennsylvania also joined the high license procession, and to very good purpose. The new law there imposes a fee of $500 for large and $300 for small cities, while villages pay $150 and rural towns $75. The law reduced the number of licenses in the state from 14,553 to 7,724, and increased the revenue from $976,179 to $1,185,963. In Philadelphia nearly three-quarters of the saloons were swept away, and the arrests for drunkenness and crime have largely decreased.

The experiences of these states have been repeated elsewhere with some variations, but with the general effect the same. The Republican legislature in New Jersey made a mild high license law last winter, in spite of the Democratic governor, and the Democrats are now busy seeking some way to kill it without attracting attention.

"High license," as it is called when the fee is over $100 is intended to be restrictive, and is commonly accompanied by more or less severe regulations intended to keep the liquor business within bounds. It will be interesting in this connection to see how some of the states not mentioned above manage the business. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa and Kansas have prohibition, the two latter by constitutional amendment. The New Hampshire law is neglected when compared with the others, and the way that law is defied and evaded in all of the prohibition states is familiar to all newspaper readers. Connecticut and Michigan have tried prohibition and given it up. Connecticut now has license with $500 as the maximum fee, and local option. Massachusetts and Rhode Island also have local option, the former with license fees running from $100 to $1,000, and the latter with the permits granted by local authorities under rigorous restrictions. It is to be noted that when the law merely fixes maximum and minimum figures the smallest is in fact the only one used.

In the South, beginning with Maryland, there is generally a system of special legislation intended to give the whole matter over to local control. Georgia leads in this, and by local option laws made for counties one at a time, has a large part of its territory under prohibition. A similar course of legislation is found in North and South Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Mississippi, while in Louisiana local and special laws have very great discretionary power in the matter. Arkansas has local option, and also has a peculiar "three-mile law," giving local option as to saloons within three miles of any given school house or church, under which the Prohibitionists have carried a good many points. The license in Arkansas is nominally $300 to the size and $400 to the county, but the law is loose, the saloons are only "liable" to pay, and the income is, in fact, of the smallest. Indiana has a license system with such small penalties that there is practically free rum. Missouri has nominal high license. Kentucky has fees from $75 to $100, with local option. Minnesota has its fee only $25 to $100, and Colorado and Nevada tax saloons for revenue only, and do not seek to restrict their work.

It may be noted that high license—a heavy tax imposed as a restrictive measure—is purely American. In Europe the liquor traffic is taxed simply for revenue. Ireland has a fee of $57 as a minimum, and the figure runs up to twice that. The Scottish tax runs from 5 to 13 guineas. England has much the same laws about the matter as the other parts of the British islands, with many kinds of licenses and many complications. In continental Europe the liquor traffic is taxed much like any other, and especially is this true in France, Spain and Portugal. In Germany the charge is based upon the business done, and the same is true in substance in many other countries.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

A Correspondent Who Has Some Ideas Upon the Matter.

EDITOR BLADE:—Correspondents and editorial writers throughout the country are solving the "Southern Problem" to their individual satisfaction. A correspondent in your issue of the 10th inst. advanced the idea of colonizing the negro, setting aside Oklahoma for that purpose. He further expresses his doubts as to the possibility of the negro receiving justice at the hands of his former master.

As a member of the race in question, I beg leave to present the view from a negro stand point.

The colonization scheme will never materialize. The negro standing under the amendments to our United States constitution is amply protected from such a move being carried out. His heavy financial interests in the states in question will not allow him to peaceably resign all that has been acquired in twenty-five years of freedom.

The experience of the past makes the same unnecessary, and lastly, the political situation of the South, of which he is a prominent factor, will not allow the same being done. The twenty years of freedom has earned for the negro a record surpassed by none upon the globe; from a chattel, Phœnix like, he rose to the dignity of a United States Senator, and with honor to himself and race, has filled many stations of national importance.

The negro problem is likened unto the slavery question of 1861. It is resolving itself into a question whether this be a government of the nation or a government of the South. In '61, while he was the primary and original cause of the disruption, in the Southern attempt to dictate terms to the North, in the tumult which followed he was forgotten, excepting when he was used as leverage power to force the South from her dictatorial position, and by a stroke of political policy he ultimately secured his freedom.

The Republican North and Democratic South are again glaring at each other, the former declaring the majority should rule, the latter crying against the so-called negro domination. The quickest and surest policy for the nation to pursue is to educate the Southern negro, that he may fully appreciate the honor and duties devolving upon a citizen of this republic. Education and the acquirement of means have won for him in the North—the respect of his white fellow-citizen; it will command for him the same in the South. While the process of evolution is taking place, would recommend the negro of the South to adopt the policy, "Shot guns for two," and "we will shoot each other."

JOHN C. KEELAN.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

The Way They Dispose of the Argument Out in Kansas.

LARKIN, KAN., Jan. 14.—EDITOR BLADE:—I read with much interest your temperance articles. Inclosed find an article by Mr. Sol. Miller, editor of Troy, Kan., *Chief*. Mr. Miller was, as he says, opposed to the adoption of the amendment. A great many of his stripe have come over to the side of Prohibition in the last few years. But while Prohibition is a success here, I don't think it would be at present a success in Ohio. Local option and high tax is what Ohio needs. JOHN F. LEE.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

We never took any stock in that cant phrase, "personal liberty." Every man who wants to over-ride law or make a beast of himself is in favor of "personal liberty." The drunkard, the polygamist, the anarchist, are all sticklers for "personal liberty." Personal liberty means the right to outrage all law and decency, if all the parties engaged in it are willing, and do not injure the persons or property of others. It may shock the moral sense of the community, but the community has no right to compel others to conform to its moral sense, even if they wish to appear naked upon the streets or practice lewdness in public. It harms nobody but themselves. It is their "personal liberty".

As we have said we opposed the enactment of the prohibitory law. We believe there is a vast deal of hypocrisy in the business. Men still get drunk. They procure whisky from Missouri, and many of them go over there to drink. Yet if we had the power, we would not repeal the prohibitory law. It has done great good. Even with the drinking and drunkenness that still exists, we can see the good effect of prohibition. It has banished the open saloon, and thereby closed the door of the dens where the young were tempted into habits of drinking and gambling. The old set may still send off for his liquor, but the boy who has not yet learned to drink, will not send off for the liquor on which to learn. Prohibition has closed that school. And it has abolished the loafing places for drunkards. Men may come to town and get drunk, but they will go home in good season, for the places where they were wont to loaf away the hours of the night, replenishing their supply of steam, and diminishing their supply of cash, are no longer open to them. They are out of town and away by nightfall. This is a great improvement.

In the good old "personal liberty" times, every night brought in troops of men from the hills, the ravines and the bottoms—and the more dreary the night the more certain they were to come. The saloonists kept good fires, and good warming materials for the "inards." Perhaps they brought in a little jag of wood, which they sold for a dollar and a half. They invested fifteen cents of this in a paper sack of corn meal, which they deposited in some corner of the wood rack, and then went into the saloon to spend the remainder. Their families often went supperless to bed, because they did not get home in time with their meal to afford the usual repast of mush. The men were in town having a good time in the saloons, while their teams were hitched in the street, shivering until far past midnight, or perhaps all night, in the storm and snow, with the mercury fifteen degrees below zero. And when at last they did go in the small hours of the morning, they went with a yell that awoke the town, and their wagons bounded and rattled as if the teams were running away. That was "personal liberty."

The men themselves who used to spend their time and money in this way, although they still may drink whisky, present an entirely different appearance, while their families enjoy a good many more comforts. They may send off a couple of dollars for a jug of whisky, but that is the whole expense. There is no honest bartender to rob them of five or ten dollars besides, in making change for drunken men, or in games of billiards or dice. And we notice that most of them, while not having fine clothes, have decent and comfortable ones. There are but few ragged men now to be seen. In the good old days of "personal liberty" their heads stuck out at the top of their hats; their hands came out of their coat sleeves anywhere between the shoulder and the elbow; their breeches were a mass of rags, you couldn't tell whether of cloth or of buckskin, and were tied on them with twine strings; while often their feet, for want of shoes, were wrapped in old gunny sacks, tied on with cords made of untwisted rope. Dozens and dozens of such men were seen in every country village. If the men who went abroad were clad in this fashion, in what condition were their families at home? Alas! "personal liberty" has been throttled and these men have vanished with the fairies, the gnomes, and the brownies.

The effect of the old system was as bad on the whisky seller as the drinker. It demoralized them, and unfitted them for any other business. Nine out of ten have sunk down into poverty-stricken loafers. They are incapable of getting down to work, but their highest ambition is to carry around a bottle of whisky, and retail it out at five cents a drink to poor, thirsty devils in back alleys. A stable, an out-house, or a hog pen, as the case may be, is their place of business. They still hang on, looking for the renaissance of "personal liberty" that Col. Tomlinson is promising them.

Published by request.

"SANTY TIM."

BY JOHN HAY.

Tilman Joy was a war Democrat who enlisted in '62 from Spunky Point, Illinois. He came back at the close of the war, bringing with him an 18-year-old colored boy, who excited the indignation of the stay-at-home, old time, unreconstructed Democrats. In a voluminous set of resolutions they warned Tilman that the boy must vamoose. His reply to them on the occasion was as follows:

I reckon I get your drift, gents;
You 'low the boy shan't stay.
This is a white man's country,
And you're "Dimmicrats," you say.
And "whereas and seein' and wherefore,
The times bein' all out of j'int,
The *nigger* has got to mosey
From the limits of Spunky P'int."

Now let's reason the thing a minute;
I'm an old-fashioned Democrat too,
Though I had my politics out of the way
To keep till the war was through;
An' I come back here follerin'
To vote as I used to do,
But it gravels me like h—l to train
Along such fools as you.

Now dog my cats if I can see,
In all the light of day,
What you've got to do with the question
Whether Tim shall go or stay!
And further'n that, I give notice:—
If one o' you touches the boy
He can check his trunk to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illinois.

Why blame your hearts! you hear me!
You know that ungodly day
Our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped,
And torn, and tattered we lay?—
When the rest retreated I stayed behind—
For reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in and a leg on a strike
I sprawled on that d—d glaze.

Lord, how the hot ana want for us!
And bu'ried, and blistered, and burned!
How the Rebel bullets whizzed round us
When at ease in his death-grip turned!
Till 'long toward night I seed a sight
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That *nigger*, that *Tim* were a crawling for me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged h—ll!

The Rebels seed him quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees,
With he jumped for me and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him twice to his knees:
But up he sprang and staggered off
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till a fo-fie on cuss kin stopped us both—
His black hide riddled with balls.

So my gentle gazelles, there's my answer!
And here stays Banty Tim!
He risqued his life to save me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him.
You may "resolute" till the cows come home,
But if one of you touches the boy
He'll wrest'e his hash to-night in h—l,
Or my name's not Tilman Joy!

Love, Light and Economy.

"Vell, Repecca, you vas lookin' all proke oop dis morning. Vas dot young Mr. Ickestein here to see you again last night?"

"Yah, fadder, he was here till 2 o'clock dis morning."

"Two o'clock! Ach, mein gracious, vot a vaste of gas! It must schop, I dell you, und you must say to him dot I can't afford it."

"Yah, I did dat, fadder."

"Did vot, Repecca?"

"I dold him last veek dot ve must not burn so much gas."

"Und vhat did he say?"

"He said: 'Yah, mein leavy deavy, I appreciate dot, und will pring a lantern mit me hereafter.'"

"Und did he?"

"Yah, last night he brought a lantern, und ve hoong it up on der door knob und ve vere vast so habby dhe two turtle doaves all der time."

"Ah, Repecca, dot vas a fine young mans, und you freeze to him like a postage stamp."

AGENTS WANTED

In all parts of the United States to sell new attachment for sewing machine. No family will be without it if once its work is seen. Quick sales. Address Star Standard Co., 810 Cherry st., Toledo, O.

Fables of Gotham.

Two citizens, while Eating their Lunch in a Beanery, became so Interested in discussing Harrison's Cabinet that they Neglected to Obey the Injunction on a Playcard which read, "Keep your Eye on your Overcoat." Noticing their Abstraction, a Poor but Dishonest man remarked: "I guess I will Indulge in a little Abstraction myself. As he said this, he Skillfully Swiped the two Coats, which were of the best Brown Pea Beach. And when Sneaking out of the establishment he Soliloquized thus with himself: "Well, I have Bagged another Brace of Cabinet Sharps; but I'll Bet Five Plunks that they won't Care a Darn about the Cabinet when they find their Overcoats Gone."

The Moral of this Fable is that when the Springtime comes Gentle Annie, if not long Before, a great many Cabinet-Makers will Get Left.

Philosophy of Quick Travel.

"Hello, Charley! When did you come to town?"

"Came in this forenoon."

"On the X. and Z. road?"

"Not I. I took the A. and U. and saved an hour's time."

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"I've got an appointment at 3, and I've been hanging around ever since 10, trying to kill time. It's been an awfully dull day, I can tell you."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Grave Fellow.

Boston—So that's Tombstone Bill, is it?

Denver—That's Bill, stranger, the smartest cuss this side o' the Rockies.

Boston (sarcastically)—Do you raise many like Bill round here?

Denver—Well, I reckon not. The last fellow that raised Bill went dead broke for six months.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Whipsawed on the Turn.

Lover—I adore you, Alice.

Alice (embracing him)—Oh, it is sweet!

Lover—When shall we marry?

Alice (haughtily)—Never, sir. The count proposed to-day, and I accepted him. I was practicing on you.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Most Everybody Does.

"Doctor," said a lady who wanted a little advice gratis, "what do you do when you catch cold?" "I cough, madam," was his polite reply.

S.S.S.

Our little girl when but three weeks old, broke out with eczema. We tried the prescription from several good doctors, but without any special benefit. We tried S. S. S. and by the time one bottle was gone her head began to heal, and by the time she had taken six bottles she was completely cured. Now she has a full and heavy head of hair—a robust, healthy child. I feel it but my duty to make this statement.
R. T. SHORE, Rich Hill, Mo.

Send for our Books on Blood and Skin Diseases and Advice to Sufferers, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of **Brain and Heart Diseases—General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity.** Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as

A Cure

for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood."—Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio.

"For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carzanett, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

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Publishers' Column.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

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Cheapest price ever heard of. A beautiful nickel-plated hair frizzer (curling iron) sent post-paid by mail to any lady reader of the BLADE on receipt of 20 cents, or the same with Weekly BLADE one year for $1.10. We guarantee them fully equal to those usually retailed for 50 cents. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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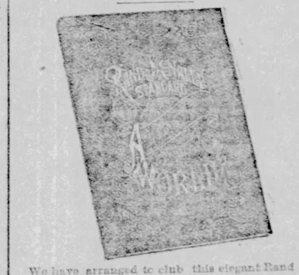
STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

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We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
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NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $1.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

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SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE," by Nasby; paper. Retail price, 50c. Will mail copy postpaid, for 25c., or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.10.

"EKKO S FROM KENTUCKY," by Nasby; "ABOU BEN ADHEM," by D. R. Locke; "A PAPER CITY," novel by D. R. Locke; same prices and terms with or without BLADE as "SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE."

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Commissioners.

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100,000 Tickets at $20 each; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is	$ 300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
2 PRIZES OF	20,000 are	40,000
5 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	50,000
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100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
250 PRIZES OF	300 are	75,000
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100 Prizes of	$300 are	$30,000
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999 do.	of 100 are	99,900
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ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a Ticket ISSUED BY US. Any Prize paid in full. Anything in our name offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

Sayings of Little Shavers.

Little Bessie dropped an armful of playthings—"Did you break anything?" asked the mother. "Nothing at all but quiet," she replied, "and that's mended already."

A little girl who complained the other day of peculiar sensations in her hands and arms was told by her mother that she was nervous. "Dear me!" she exclaimed. "

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISS CLARA BARTON,

The Women Named by Soldiers the "Angel of the Battlefield."

SOMEBODY had to go and take care of the soldiers and so I went!"

Simple words of a great-hearted woman, the watchword of whose life has been and is duty,—duty that has led her, not into the quiet paths of home-doing, but amid scenes that appalled the stoutest heart; duty which has demanded of her the most heroic self-sacrifice, the most sublime devotion to God's law of the universal brotherhood of humanity; duty which has called for utter self-abnegation, for the sternest self-control, for the sweetest, purest, truest womanhood—by such duty as this has she of whom I write to-day been tried, and never found wanting. With no thought of peculiar consecration to any given work, she heard and heeded the still, small voice that showed her the way to her divinely appointed task, and bravely walked therein.

The life of

CLARA BARTON

is an open one to the world. She was born upon a Christmas day among the bleak New England hills, at a place called North Oxford, in Massachusetts. Her father was Capt. Stephen Barton, who had served as a non-commissioned officer under Mad Anthony Wayne. He became a prosperous farmer and a man of influence in public affairs. Clara was the youngest of a large family of children, and was educated mostly at home. The consequence was a greater freedom than children usually enjoy in their school days, and she spent many hours alone among the trees and flowers, laughing in glee at her own thoughts, dreaming her own child dreams, but keeping, by this communion with the outdoor world, that simple unconventional nature which forms her peculiar characteristic as a woman.

BEGINNING OF HER WORK.

When she was 11 years old a well beloved brother met with some misfortune which called him to endure many weary months of confinement to his bed. Little Clara became his nurse and companion, and here she showed those rare qualities which made her so efficient among the suffering in after days. For two years this child nurse held to her self-appointed task of caring for this brother day and night. Wonderful, indeed, that one so young should have shown the wisdom and lack of thought for self that made such a thing possible. The influence of her buoyant, hopeful, energetic, and yet tender nature, was, without doubt, a staff of strength to the invalid, and he finally recovered.

HER WORK AS A TEACHER.

Released from this care, after a little more study, she began teaching. She was then sixteen, a bright, fresh looking girl, with keen, dark eyes that looked inquiringly out into the world which held so much for her to do. She was a successful teacher, and proved herself also to possess good business talent, developed by assisting her brothers at intervals during several years, in their pursuits. Her school education was finally finished by a three years' course at Clinton, N. Y. Immediately after this she made a most emphatic demonstration of her skill and fitness as an educator, by her work in Bordentown, New Jersey.

There was, in this place, a most determined dislike to the Public System of Free Schools. Seeing their necessity, with her usual lack of thought for herself, she offered to take the responsibility of opening and carrying one forward for three months at her own expense. Imagine her then taking an old tumble down building, and with six scholars beginning her labor. How she popularized it may be known by the fact that in a few weeks the numbers had swelled so that two schools were necessary, instead of one, and in a year, a fine building was erected and 500 pupils, taken from the ranks of both rich and poor, were being taught at public expense. This one thing was enough to establish her name as that of a public benefactor.

EXPERIENCE IN PATENT OFFICE.

Then followed her work in the Patent Office at Washington. She had gone to that city to rest and recuperate from her arduous labors. Trouble had arisen in this Department through the treachery of some of the clerks, who had betrayed secrets, to the great inconvenience of inventors. Miss Barton was recommended to the Commissioner as one who could be trusted, while at the same time she was clear headed and well trained in business matters. She was offered the position and accepted, little recking of the petty malice of the male clerks, who could ill brook the advent of a woman among them. It is related, that morning after morning, they would range themselves in two rows along the hall through which she had to pass, and she would be obliged to run the gauntlet of their sarcastic looks, low whistling, and insulting sneers. They all failed of their purpose. It is characteristic of Clara Barton that nothing can deter her from doing what she holds to be her duty, and though she walked with burning cheeks and downcast eyes through this fiery ordeal to a sensitive nature, she nevetheless remained at her post, as she did through all subsequent attempts by slander to drive her away. Three years passed, and then the suspicion of "Black Republicanism" caused her dismissal—which she accepted without remonstrance—but she was a little later urgently recalled because of her efficiency.

BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR.

Then came the outbreak of the Civil War. Little did she know all which this meant to her. Through every vein ran the thrill of patriotism, and her spirit grew strong in the conviction that, though a woman, she could help her country. Loyal to the heart's core, devoted and true, she could not yet imagine what burning ploughshares her feet must walk over before her work was done.

Resigning her position because she would not accept money drawn from an already overtaxed treasury, she entered a broader field of labor. She was in Washington when the Sixth Massachusetts regiment arrived there with their wounded, who were struck down in Baltimore. From that hour her mission was defined. She went among these poor fellows and ministered to their wants as long as there was a necessity. A little later, day after day, during the Peninsular campaign, she went down the Potomac, returning with the wounded soldiers, caring for them in various ways until they were taken to the hospitals.

One thing troubled and perplexed her sadly. Although provisions and stores poured into Washington, there was no way to get them to the soldiers at the front, who were suffering and dying for their lack. It was borne in upon her that there her duty lay, but it was not until she returned from her dying father's bedside, armed with his words, "Go, if you feel it your duty to go! I know what soldiers are, and I know that every true soldier will respect you and your errand," that she found courage to take the steps to get there. Every effort to go forward was rebuffed until she applied to the Assistant Quartermaster, Gen. Rucker, who listened to her request, made with eyes swimming in tears, entered heartily into her plans, and from that time onward put every facility in her way to successfully carry them out.

UPON THE BATTLEFIELD.

After this, all through the war she was found upon the battlefield, a very angel of mercy. Friend and foe alike received her ministrations. They were all her brothers, and as such she knew no difference. Side by side with the field surgeons she endured the exposures and ran the risks which were inevitable. She furnished her own supplies, transported by the government, and she never rested in the labor of distribution. Her foresight was wonderful. Once, after a terrible battle, when the surgeons went on the field at night, and found to their dismay, there was but one half-burnt candle with which to succor th ousands of wounded men, she drove the darkness away with the stores of candles and lamps which she had remembered to bring.

One can hardly believe, if it were not so well authenticated, all that this woman did for the wounded and dying soldiers upon the hardest fought fields, such "battles as Cedar Mountain, second Bull Run, Chantilly, Antietam, Falmouth, and old Fredericksburg, siege of Charleston, on Morris Island, at Wagner, Wilderness and Spotsylvania, The Mine, Deep Bottom through sieges of Petersburg and Richmond, with Butler and Grant, through summer without shade and winter without shelter, often weak, but never so far disabled as to retire from the field; always under fire in severe battes; her clothing pierced with bullets and torn by shot, exposed at all times, but *never* wounded" These are the words spoken of her in the "History of Woman Suffrage," and the same testimony is borne by thousands of men who saw her upon these battlefields.

HER NEXT WORK.

Her next work was corresponding with the friends of missing prisoners at the close of the conflict. Appointed by the President to do this work, she established at her own expense a Bureau of Records of missing men of the armies, employing several clerks to assist her. Then going to Andersonville, with the aid of one who had been a prisoner there and had preserved the rolls, she identified all of the 13,000 graves with the exception of about 400. She had each one inclosed and marked so that friends could find them, and a fence made entirely around the Cemetery.

One thing with regard to Miss Barton's career may be noted. She never asked for and never received any pay for her services, and never hesitated to use her own small income—the result of wise investment—to carry forward her good work. When it became known that she had expended several thousands of dollars for the Bureau, Congress voted her reimbursement, and an additional sum for going on to a conclusion. During the four years in which she continued with the Bureau, she frequently electrified large audiences with her war experiences, that were so full of thrilling and pathetic incident.

It would seem as if the war Miss Barton's active work might have ended, and yet it had only fairly begun. I cannot preface her later labors with anything so good as Miss Larcom's words regarding her in "Our Famous Women:"

"There is nothing in the divine ordering of human lives more beautiful than the way in which opportunities to do noble work grow out of similar work which has already been faithfully done. Life is no longer fragmentary, every part has meaning and unity, and the toiler goes thankfully on through the broader activities, and into the deeper consecration, developing always a less conscious personality, but one everywhere more definitely recognized and honored."

HER WORK IN EUROPE.

This is eminently true of Clara Barton. Instead of rest, new labor awaited her. Seeking a renewal of strength among the magnificent Alpine mountains in the fall of 1869, at Geneva, her work again found her. Leading members of the "Red Cross Society," an international organization for the relief of the wounded in war, formed five years before, waited upon her to ask her influence to get the signature of the United States, to the treaty which rendered neutral all surgeons, chaplains, or nurses, in the field, engaged in caring for the suffering, whether friend or foe. This she at once, with all of the enthusiasm of her nature, promised to do.

While lingering in Berne the Franco-Prussian war broke out. Again the Red Cross committee came to her and begged her to go with them to the battle field. Invalid that she was, she did not hesitate. Said Mrs. Bolton, in speaking of her work there: "When Strasburg capitulated and over 20,000 were homeless and starving, she provided materials for 30,000 garments, principally by poor women who needed money for their daily bread; then distributed the garments. She aided the starving people at Metz and the wounded at Sedan. She entered Paris on foot, during the days of the Commune, distributing food and clothing to the needy. Once when, eager for bread, so that the mob overcame the police, she came out of her house and spoke to them; they said, 'God! it is an angel,' and became quiet and orderly."

It is hard to refrain from dwelling upon the grand work which she did here, but I must hasten onward. In 1873, Miss Barton returned to the United States crowned with the love and gratitude of France and Germany, and bearing mementoes of the friendship of the noble Grand Duchess of Baden, who was an active member of the Red Cross society, and of the Emperor William, the latter giving her the Iron Cross, won only by deeds of heroism upon the battle field.

RED CROSS SOCIETY HERE.

Back in her native land, she at once began urging the signing of the treaty before mentioned, which was finally done, and Miss Barton was appointed by President Garfield the President of the Red Cross Society in this country. Under her charge the work of this organization has been extended to times of peace. When great disasters come, by flood, fire, pestilence or earthquake, theer are Miss Barton and her fellow-laborers to be found forgetful of self, laboring only for humanity. And she has made the nation feel that this is the people's work, and everywhere, "they are gathering themselves under the banner of the Red Cross." What that banner represents Clara Barton has made us understand.

Honors have come to her from both sides of the water, but it does not need that I should enumerate them here. When we remember what she has done; how she has labored, often while racked with bitter pain herself, yet seeking only to alleviate that of others; when we recall the generous bestowal of time, thought, strength and money; when we think of what life meant to her, and how simply and yet earnestly she has carried out its meaning, our hearts turn with loving reverence to this woman whose inspiration and strength must have come from the Infinite Father, enabling her to do so much for suffering humanity. EMILY S. BOUTON.

TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

The editor of the HOUSEHOLD asks every mother of a family interested in having pure, moral and interesting literature furnished, to read the first instalment of the BLADE'S $2,500 temperance story, and then, as a special favor, to send *at once*, on a postal card (or by letter), the names of ten (or more) neighbors, to whom we may send sample copies of this issue.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

FANCY ORNAMENTS.—Get twelve fine cones of different sizes; buy a box of Arnstein's Roman metallic water colors, and paint each cone a different color; after they are dry, paint them with imported "Medium," and before they dry sprinkle them with different colors of metallic dust. Now take very small screen eyes and put one into each cone; get No. 3 satin ribbon, cut it in twelve different lengths, fasten each cone to one end of ribbon, and tie top ends in a bow.

SCRYM APRON—MATERIALS.—1 yard of scrym, 3 yards of red satin ribbon No. 9, 3 yards of peacock blue No. 9, 1 yard of yellow satin ribbon No. 9, 1 yard of light blue No. 5, 1 yard of yellow No. 5, 1 yard of torchon lace 3 inches wide. Make the apron 35 inches wide by 29 inches long, allowing 3 inches for the hem; ¼ of an inch above the hem pull threads enough so you can run the red ribbon across; ¼ of an inch above that pull threads so you can run the light blue ribbon across, then the yellow (No. 5) and the peacock blue, leaving the same distance between each other. Sew lace across the bottom, cut off ribbon for belt, turn down the apron at the top and put in the ribbon, hemming the scrym down. Draw up the ribbon so that the apron will hang prettily, fastening both ends and using the remaining length for belt. Make a pretty bow and ends of red, blue and yellow ribbon and fasten on the right side of the belt.

DIAMOND DYE ART NOTES—BOLTING CLOTH BANNER.—Bolting cloth makes lovely banners when painted with Chinese white and the Diamond dye paints. Stretch the cloth over the letter paper and fasten to a board with thumb tacks. The one before me has a ring of gold, varied with wild roses and forget-me-nots. In the ring is a bird and nest, while above it is another bird. After stamping the design, lay in the ring birds and flowers, with a heavy coat of Chinese white (but not the leaves). When dry, paint the ring with gold or bronze paint, giving it two coats. The birds are done in brown, leaving the white to show in places. The bills and feet are a delicate yellow, the eyes black, and the breasts red. The flowers are delicately shaded in natural colors and lined here and there with gold, as are the birds, as it is to imitate an imported Chinese banner. The leaves are painted direct upon the cloth, using very little color, so as not to spread. They are painted in various shades of green and brown and varied with gold. The stems are reddish brown. If a more Chinese effect is desired embroider the birds instead of painting. I find the above colors much more brilliant and lasting for decorative work than ordinary water colors, besides being so inexpensive. Small squares of bolting cloth and satin, painted and bound with ribbon, form pretty tidies joined together cornerwise and trimmed with ribbon bows and plush balls. Or a larger square can be edged with Spanish lace, with the flowers outlined with gold paint, and will form a lovely tidy or curtain cover.—J. M. HILL.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sl st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; s tc, short treble.

KNITTED "CATERPILLAR" STITCH.—This stitch is suitable for stripes for sofa pillows, afghans, or made of cotton is very pretty for counterpanes. It should be combined with stripes of another pattern in pretty contrasting colors. Cast on 21 stitches, and knit 5 rows plain; 6th row—k 8 plain—turn work and p the 4 sts just knitted—k those 4 sts back and forth—p and plain—19 times. If you have followed directions carefully you will now have a long, narrow stripe with a right and wrong side, like a stocking. From the fullest needle—the one on which there are 13 sts—sl 4 onto a third needle—k the remaining 9 plain; 7th row—k 4—p 9—bring the third needle containing the 4 sts forward by slipping under the stripe already knitted—p these 4 sts—k 4; 8th row—k plain; 9th row—k 4—p 4—turn work—k plain the 4 just knitted—k these 4 sts back and forth—p and plain—19 times—sl off the 4 sts same as in 6th row—when this is finished p 5—k 4; 10th row—k 13 sts—then bring third needle forward same as in 7th row—k 8 sts. 11th row—k 4—p 13—k 4; repeat pattern from 6th row until you have the desired length; finish with 5 plain rows.

PRETTY NARROW EDGING.—Make a chain of 10 stitches: 1st row—1 d c in 5 ch, from the hook—4 ch—miss 4—1 d c—in next—3 ch—1 d c in last ch—6 ch—turn; 2nd row—1 d c in ch of 3—3 ch—1 d c in 1st d c—4 d c—in ch of 4—1 d c in 3d of preceding row—2 ch—1 d c in 3rd ch—5 ch—turn—1 d c in 1st of 6 d c and repeat from 4 ch in 1st row. This is neat and certain to please.—MOLLIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM NEW ENGLAND.—The first place to which I turn when we get our BLADE is the correspondence column, and I always find something instructive and helpful.

As I come again the icy breath of an old New England winter is beginning to cover the earth with her mantle of cold, cold snow.

We, of the North, have almost learned to dread the bitter cold, the deep snows, the sweeping, searching, roaring wind, that piles the beautiful snow in almost impenetrable drifts, searches out the crannies, nooks and corners, and fills them with frozen snow and ice; roars through the tree tops in the grand old forests, or sweeps around the corners of the buildings and filling the highways with drifts, through which the sturdy farmers can work their way only by diligent labor for long, cold, wearisome hours.

Since the last year life's aspect has changed—changed, oh so bitterly. One of our jewels,—one of our God-given gifts has been laid away, to await the coming of all of us. "Not lost but gone before," leaving saddened hearts and lonely hearth—our eldest daughter. Does any one know the full meaning of that? The void left where she was, where loved associations were all around us, even the old house was as a friend. Sixty miles farther south to the Old Granite State. We left good neighbors, kind friends, old time associates, and we found in our new home; just as good neighbors, just as kind friends, praying, devoted Christian friends.

Yes, we have only to put forth our best efforts, live our best lives every day and hour, and the world will be to us just simply what we are in our own selves.

Just a few words for the busy teacher—try to love the little roguish, mischievous children, that will lighten your task wonderfully; pet them and keep their active minds busy; even if they don't make themselves loveable, your efforts will often bring the desired results.

No, girls, don't keep company if that means staying hours and hours shut up in a room, sometimes in a distant part of the house, with some young gentlemen after the rest of the HOUSEHOLD have retired. Take Paul's advice and "Avoid even the very appearance of evil."

Over one year ago I sent directions for a pretty edging, but think my letter must have been miscarried, as I never saw it in the columns of the HOUSEHOLD. Sometime I may write it off and send it again. It is so very pretty, and as the little ones say, "I made it all myself."

Bless all the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD and brothers, too. Keep the columns well filled with your kind, helpful, cheering, strong words, cheering the lonely and sorrowful, helping the fallen, and giving kind advice to the needy.—Mrs. E. C. H., Merrimac county, N. H.

A FRIENDLY WORD.—A great many people in this world are—or think they are—too busy to give a moment up to enjoyment. They mean to have a good time when their hard work is over, and when they have gained a fortune. How few there are who ever reach that "good time." Some plan to enjoy themselves when their children are grown, or when the farm or house is paid for. They toil on and on, until death overtakes them. How rarely the long looked for season of pleasure comes. How much better it is to enjoy life as it passes. How many have planned to gain riches, and when they have come, the loved ones they were accumulated for had passed beyond the need of earthly riches.

Oh! my friends, take pleasures as they come, while yet there is time. Perhaps you have planned a visit to the dear old home, but you put it off, to add to your wardrobe, or to put your house a little more in order. You put it off from season to season until there comes a black-edged letter, which tells that death has paid a visit before you. Let your clothes go less stylish; they'll love you in your old clothes as well as in new. Remember they are growing old—you had better not delay too long. Again your husband comes around with the horse and asks you to go for a ride. "No," you say, "I must make a cake," or "My hair is out of curl." Don't say that, but put on your cloak and hat and go. You can work all the faster when you come back. To young wives I would give this advice—go whenever your husbands asks you, if it is possible, for if you do not, after awhile he will give up asking. Many mothers say they will be so glad when their children are grown up, for they are so troublesome. What a mistake they are making!

Mothers, enjoy their cunning ways and baby kisses while you may. Bye and bye they will be only a memory, and you will wonder that you ever thought them tiresome. Enjoy every day, the little sunbeams of pleasure that fall in your path, for the golden future you plan for may never be yours. Be kind and patient with the little ones, for they may not be ours long, and should we be called to give them up, it will be a sad pleasure to remember, that we tried to do our duty by them.—MONTANA MAY.

INQUIRIES.

Have any of the BLADE readers any old German books, magazines or papers to send to a poor old bed-ridden German lady, who was hurt last February in the terrible cyclone which destroyed our town? She would be very thankful for anything of the kind, as she is entirely helpless, and loves to read for pastime. Address MRS. AUGUSTA HOFFMAN, Mt. Vernon, Jefferson Co., Ill.

Will Miss Fanny Thomas give the county and state of Cottonwood Falls for a lady who is interested in the little girl of 12 who is one of Uncle Sam's orphans?—MRS. S. A. HEARD, Litchfield.

I would like a good recipe for making blackberry wine. A good recipe for dry hop yeast.—SUBSCRIBER.

Will some young lady reader of the HOUSEHOLD ("School-marm" preferred), of Southern Missouri, correspond with a girl from the Keystone state. If so, please send address to 81, Glenn, McKean Co., Pa.

I would say to all members of the HOUSEHOLD and readers of the dear old BLADE that I have a great amount of good reading matter such as *Peterson's Magazine*, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, *Youth's Companion*, and others equally good, that I will cheerfully send to all who will send postage.—MRS. JESSIE MCCORMICK, Box 226, Kirwin, Kan.

Those wishing for melon seed and the mock peach seed andice-melon seed, sending stamped envelope, addressed, I will send seed.—Address MRS. FANNIE MUSSELMAN, Trenton, Hitchcock Co., Nebraska.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me what to do for my house plants—to destroy the little red spider?—A READER.

Will some of the BLADE readers tell me where a trio of deer can be procured?—O. NEWOLD, Lock Box 1, New Holland, Ill.

Will some of the sisters please tell me how to make picture frames, something cheap but pretty? I have some pictures that I wish to frame, but am too poor to buy frames.

If any one has the whole of the story, "Baruda's Fate; or Was He Insane?" will you please send it to me? It was printed in the *Saturday Night* about two years ago. Also "Little Blossom; or, Wedded at Sixteen." Address Box 71, VanDecor P. O., Isabella Co. Mich.

I would be thankful to any of the sisters of the BLADE that would send me a block of calico 8 by 8 inches for an album quilt, with their name and address on it.—MRS. M. BRADSHAW, St. Helena, Cal.

I would like to correspond with a few persons interested in ornithology, zoology or taxidermy, or with persons interested in natural history generally, for assistance to one another.—GEO. H. MORRIS, No. 81 Chapel street, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Do you know of anything which will enable one to do away with the ugly looks of trunks standing around a room, when space is limited, and they must be in use?—MRS. C.

The editor is glad to say she does know a way which, in the near future, will bring joy to the heart of the housekeeper who is situated as our correspondent is. It is an invention by Mrs. M. Eaton, of Hot Springs, Dakota, a woman who had been driven by her own needs to thinking out the problem. The result is a trunk with a flat top, opening half way between the top and bottom. When travelling, it looks not different from the ordinary article. At the stopping place, however, it is opened, raised upon the front of the lower half forming a bottom, the upper half thrown back until it rests upon the lower. As you can see, the trunk is now wide open, and takes up just half the room it did when closed.

Instead of the ordinary trays there are shelves in both halves which are shut in by pretty doors after packing. Of course these doors may be made plain or ornamental as the manufacturer chooses, and as people are willing to pay for them. Upon the top or across it may be thrown a pretty scarf just as you would upon a bureau, and thus have a nice looking article of furniture. The trunk may also be made to open in the same way, but set up on the end, one side with shelves, the other without, but with places made for hooks to screw in, and then used for a clothes press, having doors opening like those of a book case.

The trunk is not put upon the market yet, but when it is, it will be a boon to all those people—and there are many—who have no place for such articles except in their living rooms. It seems as if a long-felt want was about being filled.—ED.

"Nellie," your letter was received, and was very welcome. The editor would very much like to write you a letter, in order to answer some of your questions more fully than she can through the paper. If you would like to have her do so, write to her again and let her know.—ED.

M. E. W. Topeka, Kans., a pink tea is one where the prevailing color in the table linen, china, decorations, etc., is pink. Sometimes the hostess and her assistants also wear the chosen hue in some prominent way. Any color may be taken and carried through the appointments in the same way. It is the fancy of the moment, and is liked because it is something new.—ED.

I will tell the HOUSEHOLD family how I rid the moth out of my house, and keep them out now. I took tar paper, put it under my carpets, as far in as the moth works. I line closets, clothes cupboards, chests, packing cases, or anything in which clothes are kept, putting thin paper between the tar paper and the carpet or other article. It can be found at hardware stores.—BROWNIE.

RECIPES.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Cut three raw potatoes and two small onions into thin slices; arrange in a baking dish, seasoning with pepper, salt and small bits of butter; pour over all ¾ of a cupful of milk and bake an hour, or until the potatoes are done when tried with a fork.

BEAN SOUP.—Soak over night 1½ cupfuls white beans. In the morning pour off water and boil with two quarts hot water and a two inch cube of salt pork until the beans come to pieces; strain through colander and return to the stove; add butter the size of a hickory nut and salt and pepper to taste; serve with a half dozen half inch squares of toast on each soup plate. The beans will need to boil two and a half or three hours.

MAGENTA SALAD.—Cut into small pieces two medium-sized boiled beets and two small steamed sweet potatoes. Mix thoroughly with the following salad dressing and garnish with small sprigs of parsley:

SALAD DRESSING.—Beat the yolk of an egg with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and two of water, one-half teaspoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful mustard, a pinch of salt, and cook in a bowl over the boiling teakettle. Stir often, that it may thicken evenly. When thick, add a nusk of butter the size of a hickory nut, and when cold thin with two tablespoonfuls of cream.

LEMON PUDDING.—Stir together one and a half cupfuls of sugar, one-fourth cupful of butter, three eggs, one fourth cupful of water, one small cupful of bread crumbs, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Bake in small pudding dish about a half hour. Serve warm.

CHOCOLATE.—Mix four tablespoonfuls grated chocolate with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Heat two cupfuls of milk with two cupfuls of hot water. When boiling, stir in chocolate and sugar until smooth. Serve with a tablespoonful of whipped cream on top of each cup. Whip the cream when it is very cold with an egg beater.

PIES.—As the editor so kindly gave me permission I send more of those good recipes. They are my mother's and mine, and all reliable.

Am glad "Betsy Jane" liked my pumpkin pies.

Prune Pie—2½ cupfuls of stewed prunes, sweetened to taste. Place on bottom crust, dust with flower to thicken the juice; cut on top crust, and bake in moderate oven.

Custard Pie—3 cups sweet milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavoring to taste, either lemon or nutmeg. Bake with one crust in a moderate oven.

APPLE TURNOVERS.—1 pt. of sliced tart apples. Place one crust in pan, on ½ of it put the apples, a ½ cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of water, and dust with flour. Turn the other ½ of crust over this, pinch together, and bake in a moderate oven.

Always wet the edges of pie crust before pinching together, and you will have no wasted pie juice.—IRENS, Rossville, Ill.

THE best instruction is given by mail at student's home, in Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., by Bryant's College, 417 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CENTRALIA, ILL.
Allie H. Louis,
Jennie Severns,
Jessie S. Louis,
Gussie G. Louis,
Maude Stover,
Bell Casey.

CLAVERACK, N. Y.
Virginia Higgins,

VALTON, WIS.
Nettie M. Dearholt,
G. Dolph Horton,
Sammie Dearholt,
Silvie G. Dearholt,
Vertie Dearholt.

DELAVAN, MINN.
Jessie Jewett,
George Jewett,
Frances Smith,
Elliott Smith,
Frank Soule,
Avery Soule,
Sadie Dobie.
Willie Harding,
Jesse Andrews,
George Andrews,
Asa Andrews,
Ida Andrews,

VAQUORETA, IOWA.
Willie McDonald,
Nettie McDonnld,
Artie McDonald,
Dollie McDonald,
Clyde McAuley.

BLUFF, KAN.
Truman L. Sturdevant,
Herbert G. Sturdevant,
Fred S. Glover,
Newton Harman,
Isaac O. White,
Elmer P. Clift,
John W. Frutchey,
Kenneth M. Glover,
Alex Lee Morford,
Ora A. Brown,
Roy Baskins,
Samuel D. Brown,
George E. Harrod.

SHELDON, IND.
John W. McKee,
Harry McKee,
Jessie Sweet,
Gracie Sweet,
Lewis Vachou,
Omie Dalmon.

SPARTA, ILL.
Frankie Baird,
Ada Baird,
Arthur Gaston,
Mary Finley,
Clarence Huey,
Nettie Finley,
Roscoe Temple.

KINGSLEY, ORE.
Athel V. Fraley,
Nettie L. Fraley.

BOONESBORO, IA.
Rufus E. Patrick.

WATERVILLE, O.
Mamie Sloan,
Huldah Stebbins,
Mabel Slatts,
Clara Reddish.
Nellie Van Pleet,
Leo Van Fleet,
Mell Haskins,
Anna Esworthy,
Abbie Carroll,
Maggie Allon,
Lula Stebbins,
Grace Slatts,
Mariam Creps,
Grace Cooper,
Lulu Whitmer,
Edna Cripliver,
Louis Cripliver,
Rossie Schneider,
Charlie Whitmer,
Myrtie Jeffers.

CROSSTOWN, O.
Willie R. Ireton,
Frank A. Ireton.

COXATON, MINN.
J. S. Elliott,
Jasper Elliott,

MILTON, MINN.
Eva V. Hamlin,
Cora Rew,
Lottie Rew,
Blanche Clomer.

Names this week, 103. Total 24,881.

The above emcraces all names received up to January 17.

TO PHILLIS, TEN MONTHS OLD.

W. TREGO WEBB.

Baby Phillis, lady fair,
Fat and small of size,
With the sun's gold in your hair,
And the sea's blue in your eyes;—
How I wonder what your will is,
Winsome Phillis!

When you point with tiny hand
At your tiny toe,
How am I to understand
What you mean by doing so?
Prithee, tell me what your will is,
Dainty Phillis?

When you, wide-mouth, on the floor
Like a birdling sit—
Twenty different notes try o'er
In a pretty talking fit—
Guess it, can I, what your will is,
Saucy Phillis?

When you suddenly untaught,
Clap your hands amain,
Is it that some new, sweet thought
Flashes through your baby-brain?
Come, unriddle what your will is,
Merry Phillis!

When you gravely finger scan
Tiniest scatterings,
Studying the atomic plan
Are you, in those specks of things?
Who can fathom what your will is?
Quaintest Phillis?

To the ceiling when you raise
Finger and rapt face,
Dear new-comer, do you gaze
Back toward your heavenly place?
Half I fancy what your will is,
Happy Phillis!

But when you come crawling after
Me with eyes ashine,
And with sudden burst of laughter
Stretch your small, plump arms to mine—
Ah! I know then what your will is,
Darling Phillis!

THE SILVER HEN.

BY MARY E WILKINS.

CONCLUDED.

"Bring them right in," said the wife with a beaming face. She was very handsome, with beautiful pink cheeks and blue eyes, and she wore a trailing white robe, like a queen. She kissed the children all around, and shivers crept down their backs, for it was like being kissed by an icicle.—"Kiss your company, my dears," she said to the Snow Children, and they came bashfully forward and kissed Dame Penny's scholars with some shine chilly kisses.

"Now," said the Snow Man's wife, "come right in and sit down where it is cool—you look very hot."

"Hot," when the poor scholars were quite stiff with cold. They looked at one another in dismay, but dare not say anything. They followed the Snow Man's wife into her grand parlor.

"Come right over here by the north window where it is cooler," she said, "and the children shall bring you some fans."

The Snow Children flouted up with fans—all the Snow Man's family had a lovely floating gait—and the scholars took them with feeble curtesies, and began fanning. A stiff north wind blew in at the windows. The forest was all cracking and snapping with cold. The poor children, fanning themselves on an ice divan, would certainly have frozen if the Snow Man's wife had not suggested that they all have a game of "puss-in-the-corner" to while away the time before dinner. That warmed them up a little, for they had to run very fast indeed to play with the Snow Children who seemed to fairly blow in the north wind from corner to corner.

But the Snow Man's wife stopped the play a little before dinner was announced; she said the guests looked so warm that she was alarmed, and was afraid they might melt.

A whistle, that sounded like the whistle of the north wind in the chimney blew for dinner, and Dame Penny's scholars thought with delight that now they would have something warm. But every dish on the Snow Man's table was cold and frozen, and the Snow Man's wife kept urging them to eat this and that, because it was so nice and cooling, and they looked so warm.

After dinner they were colder than ever, even. Another game of "puss-in-the-corner" did not warm them much; they were glad when the Snow Man's wife suggested that they go to bed, for they had visions of warm blankets and comfortables. But when they were shown into the large north chamber, that was more like a hall than a chamber, with its walls of solid ice, its ice floor, and its ice beds, their hearts sank. Not a blanket nor comfortable was to be seen; there were great silk bags stuffed with snow-flakes instead of feathers on the beds, that was all.

"If you are too warm in the night, and feel as if you were going to melt," said the Snow Man's wife, "you can open the south window and that will make a draught—there are none but the north windows open now."

The scholars curtested and bade her good night, and she kissed them and hoped they would sleep well. Then she sailed by her splendid robe, which was decorated with real frost embroidery, down the ice stairs and left her guests to themselves. They were frantic with cold and terror, and the little ones began to cry. They talked over the situation and agreed that they had better wait until the house was quiet and then run away. So they waited until they thought everybody must be asleep, and then cautiously stole toward the door. It was locked fast on the outside. The Snow Man's wife had slipped an icicle through the latch. Then they were in despair. It seemed as if they must freeze to death before morning. But it occurred to some of the older ones that they had heard their parents say, that snow was really warm, and people had kept warm and alive by burrowing under snow-drifts. And as there were enough snow-flake beds to use for coverlids also, they crept under them, having first shut the north windows, and were soon quite comfortable.

In the meantime there was a great panic in the village; the children's parents were nearly wild. They came running to Dame Penny, but she was was calling "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," out in the moonlight, and knew nothing about them. Then they called outside Dame Louisa's window, but she pretended to be asleep and not to hear them, although she was really awake, and in a terrible panic.

She did not tell the parents how their children had gone to the White Woods, because knew she they could not extricate them from the difficulty as well as she could herself. She knew all about the Snow Man and his wife and how very anxious they were to have company.

So just as soon as the parents were gone and she heard their voices in the distance, she dressed herself, harnessed her old white horse into the great box-sleigh, got all the tubs and pails that she had in the house and went over to Dame Penny, who was standing out in her front yard calling the silver hen and the children by turns.

"Come, Dame Penny," said Dame Louisa, "I want you to with me to the White Woods and rescue the children. Bring out all the tubs and pails you have in the house, and we will pump them full of water."

"The pails—full of water—what for?" gasped Dame Penny.

"To thaw them out," replied Dame Louisa, "they will very likely be wholly or partly frozen, and I have always heard that cold water was the only remedy to use."

"Dame Penny said no more. She brought out all her tubs and pails, and they pumped them, and Dame Louisa's full of water, and packed them into the sleigh—there were twelve of them. Then they climbed into the seat, slapped the reins over the back of the horse, and started off to the White Woods.

On the way Dame Louisa wept, and confessed what she had done, to Dame Penny. "I have been a cross, selfish old woman," said she, "and I think this is the reason why my Christmas trees were blasted. I don't believe your silver hen touched them."

She and Dame Penny called "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," and the names of the children, all the way. Dame Louisa drove straight to the Snow Man's house.

"They are more likely to be there than anywhere else, the Snow Man and his wife are so crazy for company," said she.

When they arrived at the house, Dame Louisa left Dame Penny to hold the horse, and went in. The outer door was not locked and she wandered quite at will, through the great ice saloons and wind-swept corridors. When she came to the door with the icicle through the latch, she knew at once that the children were in that room, so she drew out the icicle and entered. The children were asleep, but she aroused them, and bade them be very quiet and follow her. They got out of the house without disturbing any of the family, but, once out, a new difficulty beset them. The children had been so nearly frozen, as for the children, they would never have reached home alive if it had not been for the pails and tubs of water.

"Do you feel that you were thawing?" Dame Louisa asked the children after they had left the Snow Man behind.

"Yes, ma'am," said they.

Dame Louisa drove as fast as she could, with thankful tears running down her cheeks. "I've been a wicked, cross old woman," said she again and again, "and that is what blasted my Christmas trees."

It was the dawn of Christmas day when they came in sight of Dame Louisa's house.

"Oh! what is that twinkling out in the yard?" cried the children.

They could see the fairy-like lights twinkling out in Dame Louisa's yard.

"It looks just as the Christmas trees used to," said Dame Penny.

"Oh! I can't believe it, cried Dame Louisa, her heart beating wildly.;

But when they came opposite the yard, they saw that it was true. Dame Louisa's Christmas trees were all twinkling bright with lights, and covered with trailing garlands of pop-corn, oranges, apples, and candy-bags; their yellow branches had turned green and the Christmas trees were in full glory.

"Oh! what is that shining so out in Dame Penny's yard?" cried the children, who were nearly crazed, and only needed to get home to their parents and have some warm breakfast, and Christmas presents, to be quite themselves. "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy," cried Dame Penny, and Dame Louisa and the children chimed in, calling, "Biddy, Biddy, Biddy!"

It was indeed the silver hen, and following her were twelve little silver chickens. She had stolen a nest in Dame Louisa's barn and nobody had known it until she appeared on Christmas morning with her brood of silver chickens.

"Every scholar shall have one of the silver chickens for a Christmas present," said Dame Penny.

"And each shall have one of my Christmas trees," said Dame Louisa.

Then all the scholars cried out with delight, the Christmas bells in the village began to ring, the silver hen flew up on the fence and crowed, the sun shone broadly out, and it was a merry Christmas day.—*Wide Awake.*

A PET HUMMING-BIRD.

His name was "Dot," and he was the tiniest mite, not larger

The Pulpit.

TALMAGE ON "THE MARCH HOME."

The Servants of the Lord Should Rouse Themselves as Did David and His Men and Recover Their Loved Ones From the Power of the Evil One.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 20.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject "The March Homeward," from I Samuel, xxx, 8: "Pursue: for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all." Dr. Talmage said:

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding goodby to their families, and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills.

David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child. Oh, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dodged the battle axe! and then will roll up their sleeves and show their half healed wound. With glad, quick step, they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turned pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry.

Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village, and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping; for when a strong warrior weeps, the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. "They wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries: "Pursue; for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all."

Now the march becomes a "double quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step further. There are other 400 men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him, and compel him to tell the whole story. He says: "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye 400 brave men of fire! Very soon David and his enraged company come upon the Amalekitish host.

Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But, hark! the sound of warning of trumpet, David and his 400 men burst upon the scene suddenly, as Robert Bruce hurled his Scotchmen upon the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekitish guard throws them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children.

All there are lightnings in their eyes, and every spear and sword in their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind. Almost the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed under foot, the wounded Amalekites (their blood mingling with their wine) shrieking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—hatchet they want with swords now?—and the families come together amidst a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence; but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face.

Now they are coming home, David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When they came by the brook Besor, the place where stand the men who were incompetent to travel, the jewels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Surely, the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went before and those men behind. I object to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said: "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched of the midnight incendiary, the family on the step to greet him, if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters, and there are Amalekitish diseases, that sometimes come down upon one's home, making as devastating work as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families in my congregation whose homes have been broken up. No battering ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that home are concerned, the home has departed. Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fever or pluriseis, consumption or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail car and start for home! You arrived. You went up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door bell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish Death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amidst the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble heart stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag is ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington, and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead! I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh, no! You say: "The world is not so bright to us as it once was;" and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

In Putnam county, N. Y., the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village. He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had confronted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulcher. Ziklag in ashes!

I preach this sermon to-day because I want to rally you, as David rallied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lost. I want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel somehow that I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. I have on other Sabbaths used other inducements. I mean to-day, for the sake of variety, hoping to reach your heart, to try another kind of inducement. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may and to tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a religious life.

They were in some things like ourselves, I know, now they are gone, there is a halo around their names, but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. The were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But, as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for our deficits. Had it not been for Jesus, they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them and said: "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled path, and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While these captives were being taken off they said: "Oh, we are so tired; we are so sick; we are so hungry!" But the men who had charge of them said: "Stop this crying. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we now enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle! how their old hearts ached! how sometimes they had a tussle for bread.

In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble. Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early times, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barrel when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death, where the next dose of morphine decided between ghastly bereavement and an unbroken home circle.

Oh, yes! it was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It was trouble that washed the furrow from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting, on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the window sill, her hand to her brow—looking out, not seeing the falling shower at all (you well knew she was looking into the distant past), until the mystery was too much for her, because the memory was too much for her?

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked; and the response came: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted stirring words and burning words and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites.

If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle in fearful courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Everything depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an Amalekitish, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us.

If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign navy, coming through the "Narrows," which was to despoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and, coming in front of the foe, we would look at them, and then look at our families, and the cry would be: "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone, we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes! We must join them. We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends on a few years on earth than we to get our departed.

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 20 of May to a house where one of your friends lived and found him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living? Are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he fessed in physical torture? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those two hundred men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step further. Their feet were sore; their head ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that, they were broken-hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them. He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least two hundred who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step further, as though you could never look up again.

But I am going to imitate David, and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe: "All things work together for good, to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls, made out of crystallized tears: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy. Bathe your brow at the wells of salvation. Soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from the trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off. O broken-hearted man, O broken-hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor.

God will see you all the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says that, in April, Besor dries up and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the death bed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me, and I find it a very happy way; not because I am a good man, for I am not, I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner; but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of his arms are around me."

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land, and entered the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Too Indefinite.

L. T. H., Grand Traverse county, Mich.: You say that about a year ago white spots came on your mare's lips, and now has a small white spot on each eye, and under her tail and belly. By a weakening of the pellicles of the hair caused by sickness, such white spots may appear, but do not harm the health of the animal. That which we do not understand is: Are the white spots on the eyelid or on the ball of the eye? If the latter, you have a case to deal with of a constitutional disease that is considered by most veterinaries incurable. It is known as opthalmia. Opthalmia has two significations. Inflammation of the eye, or rather of the conjunctival membrane, is called simple opthalmia; inflammation of the deep structure forming the ball of the eye is called specific opthalmia. Mr. Percival says that when a horse presents several of the following symptoms, he is probably subject to the disease: A sunken or dull look of one eye compared to the other; prominence of the winking membrane; pinkness of the white of the eye; a watery state of the eye; dimness; suddenness of the pupil, especially at its edges, and dullness or discoloration of the center, the pupil of one eye smaller than that of the other; haziness, milkiness, or a small white speck to be seen in the pupil; a wrinkled or turrowed appearance of the upper lid or eyebrow. When two or more of these are to be found, the horse is liable to opthalma or moonblindness. The mode of treatment is: Physic a physic; then mix 6 drachms of laudanum with 1 pint of distilled rain water, shake before using, and syringe the eye. Give bran mashes twice a day. Put this on the tongue night and morning. Pulverized calchicum, 1½ oz.; saltpetre, 2 oz. Divide into 12 parts. If the animal is eat, bleeding is a help. Hard work in a small collar, exposure of the eyes to strong fumes of ammonia, arising from urine in the stable, rheumatic affection, etc., result at times in opthalmia. If the eye of your horse is not affected, the white spots elsewhere are not injurious to the health of the animal.

Grease.

W. C. M., West Plains, Missouri: Your horse has a trouble called grease, or grease heels. This is frequently the result of overfeeding, lack of exercise, etc. The skin gets red, swollen and tender, and a white, offensive matter exudes, which has a greasy feeling. As the disease advances, the discharge thickens into the form of tears, and becomes ropy, presenting a grapy appearance. To cure, take of Barbadoes aloes, 3 drachms; bi-carbonate of soda, 1 dr., and give it in a pint of warm water. After this operates give once a day for a few days a ½ drachm dose of nux vomica powdered. Wash the parts thoroughly with soap and water and apply flaxseed poultice for two days, on which is sprinkled a tablespoonful of charcoal pulverized. After poulticing wash clean with soap and warm water; sponge or wipe dry and afterward wash with calomel, 1 dr; fresh lime water, 20 ozs. Shake well together, or wash with powdered alum, 2 drs.; sulphate of zinc, 20 grs.; water, 1 pt. After washing well with this twice a day, dress after each application with vaseline. Keep water and dust away from the part as much as possible, and if it be necessary to work the animal, do not wash the parts, but rub dry with a coarse soft cloth. Give the animal a bran mash two or three times a week.

Dog Sucks Eggs.

D. W. D., Trenton, Ohio: It is a very difficult matter to break a dog of the habit of sucking eggs. Sometimes a dog will quit it if but one egg is left in the nest that has been "doctored." Take the egg, make a small opening at each end and blow the meat out, then fill the shell with lard and cayenne pepper, and shut up the ends by pasting on a piece of paper. The dog will crush the shell, but when he gets his mouth full of hot stuff he has no further use for that egg. A few doses of this kind will make him feel rather weary when he sees a hen's nest. We have heard it said that to tie a dead chicken to a dog's neck and make him carry it about for a day or two will break him of the egg sucking habit. Perhaps some of the readers of the BLADE can suggest a better way than is here given. Let us hear from you.—ED.

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BY M. J. BURR.

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I am an experienced hedgeman, and if you desire instructions for future management of fence, make known your wishes.

Charlton, Iowa.

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Tilden, Illinois.

Good Horses.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have been a reader of the BLADE for twenty years, and have enjoyed reading the letters in this department, especially those on the breeding and handling of good blooded horses. I am a great lover of good horses. I have raised Normans, Clydes and English Shires, and prefer the latter. While the Shire does not have as much action as the Norman, he is larger boned, more muscular and freer from blemishes than any other horse that I have had any experience with. I noticed some years ago that the horse buyers found a good deal of fault with Normans not having enough bone, so I determined to get a size if possible, that would overcome that fault, so I bought an English sire. He weighs 1,800 pounds and measures 13½ inches around the hind leg below the hock. Such sires crossed with common mares will produce a horse that is well suited for the Eastern market. I have also had some experience with roadsters, but find that they are not so profitable for farmers to raise as draft horses, as they must be well broke and be all right in every respect to bring a good price. Not so with the draft horse, if he is well ironed, sound, and weighs 1,500 pounds he will bring a good price, even though he may have a bad color or is not broke to work; yet a good driving horse is a great luxury to have.—J. W. SABIN.

Fruit Tree Agents.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As there are a good many agents now traveling through the country selling nursery stock, I thought it might be of some advantage to some of the readers to give them my experience in buying from a fruit agent. I always make it an object to buy from some man that represents some good nursery, and I have him leave with me an order just like the one he asks me to sign, giving me the name of the nursery and his postoffice address. Then if I have any doubt about it not being a reliable firm, I write to the BLADE can suggest a better way than is here given. Let us hear from you.—ED.

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A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years, and felt twenty, older than I really was. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself." "Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

"Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of poor bed-ridden suffering women of weaknesses, painful irregularities, ulcerations, organic displacements and kindred ailments too numerous to mention. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will, in every case, give satisfaction or the price ($1.00) will be refunded.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

SIZE OF PELLETS.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets

PURELY VEGETABLE!

PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

Unequaled as a LIVER PILL.

Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose, Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

News of the Week.

Danube frozen at Vienna.

Tunis has a "Jack, the Ripper," under arrest.

A just completed census gives Atlanta, Ga., a population of 74,676.

Reports are in circulation that small-pox exists to an alarming extent in Denver, Col.

The fund to pay the expenses of Mr. Parnell in his litigation with the *Times*, amounts to £30,500.

The Republican members of the Oregon legislature agreed to re-elect J. N. Dolph United States Senator.

Prince Bismarck is suffering from indisposition in consequence of his exertions in the Reichstag on Tuesday.

The President has approved the act for the relief and civilization of the Chippewa Indians in the state of Minnesota.

The strikers at Ovigny, France, are resorting to riot. They have set fire to one factory and seriously damaged others.

Dr. Kruss, Munich chemist, has succeeded in decomposing cobalt and nickel, both hitherto supposed elementary substances.

Bankruptcy bill passed French Senate yesterday. It enables Panama Canal company to convert old organization into new one.

French imports during December decreased 21,525,000 francs and exports 24,067,000 francs compared with same month in 1887.

Gen. Slocum will preside over the legislative memorial proceedings at Albany in honor of Gen. Sheridan. The date has not been fixed.

Elliott P. Kisner was re-elected chairman of the Pennsylvania Democratic State committee. Resolutions favoring tariff reform were adopted.

Accouchement of Princess Henry expected to take place at Kiel about middle of next month. Empress of Germany will assist in nursing the princess.

Gov. Caleb W. West, of Utah, was heard by the House committee on Territories, to-day, in opposition to the admission of Utah territory as a state of the Union.

Adam Berkeles, flogged by White Caps in Brown county, Ohio, last November, has brought suit against 16 citizens of same county for $10,000 damages.

The New York *Star's* Washington special says that Mrs. Phil. Sheridan is destitute, and her friends are raising a fund for her support and that of her three children.

Both branches of the Michigan legislature voted for United States senator with the following result: House—James McMillan, 68; M. H. Ford, 27. Senate—McMillan, 22; Ford, 7.

Chauncey M. Depew declares that he will not resign to accept any government position. He will remain president of the New York Central so long as the stockholders are satisfied with him.

Two men, Dennis Carture and Joseph Nael, were endeavoring to thaw out a stick of dynamite to-day, at the mines of the Albert Cooper company, at Capetown, Quo., when it exploded, blowing them to atoms.

The remains of Rosalie A. Booth, sister of Edwin Booth, who died in New York, Tuesday, were to-day taken to Greenwood cemetery, Baltimore, and interred in the family lot. There were no pall-bearers.

All Republican members of the south branches of the Arkansas legislature have held a meeting and adopted a resolution unanimously recommending General Powell, of Clayton, for a Cabinet position.

The White Caps arrested at North Salem, N. H., for assault upon John Welsh, were arraigned before Judge Clark, of the Supreme court. Eleven of them were fined $15 and costs each, while the other two were fined $10 and costs each.

The United States steamer Thetis, which was taken out of the drydock at the Mare Island navy yard, will be sent as far into Alaskan waters as the ice will permit her to go, in search of certain whalers reported to be in distress.

A bill has been introduced by Representative Funston authorizing commissioner of agriculture to purchase and maintain at some central point station for experimenting in the manufacture of sugar from beets, sorghum or cane.

The President has returned to the House without his approval bills to pension Lil J. Youngheim, Thomas B. Walsh and Charles E. Scott, for the reason that the disabilities for which it is sought to procure pensions were not incurred in military service.

The ballot for United States Senator has been taken in the Massachusetts legislature. Senator Hoar was re-elected, receiving in the Senate 32 votes and 171 in the House. Hon. P. A. Collins, the Democratic nominee, received in the Senate six votes and in the House 56.

While Gen. L. A. Brown, who commanded regiment mutinied troops in war, was being removed from probate court in Cincinnati, yesterday, where he underwent examination as to lunacy, he drew an old four-shooter and placing muzzle to his temple pulled trigger. Thing didn't go off.

At the request of Judge Thurman, Fay Kilbourn, son of Lieutenant Kilbourn, of the army, now stationed at the Ohio State University at Columbus, has been appointed a naval cadet at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. This is one of the very few requests made by Judge Thurman of this administration.

Justice Harlan has appointed Solomon Claypool acting district attorney for the district of Indiana. Mr. Claypool's nomination to that office has not been acted upon by the senate, and the appointment is made under the law authorizing the justices to fill vacancies pending the confirmation of nominees.

Minister Phelps was the chief guest at a banquet given by the Fishmongers' company, at London, on Wednesday night. It was said the only complaint he had to bring against England was that the people had made it more difficult for him to say good-bye to them than to perform any duty that he had had to do since he came.

At the meeting of the Weavers' union, of Fall River, Mass., last night, it was decided to draw up resolutions asking for an advance of wages, condemning the board of Trade for refusing to listen to the wishes of the representatives of the union, and advising a strike, in case event of a continuance of the present policy of manufacturers.

During the attack on the German missionary station at Tuga, the insurgents massacred four missionaries, one of whom was a woman; three missionaries fled into the hands of the arabs and are held for ransom, one of the missionaries is a woman. The admiral commanding the German squadron has landed a force of Bluejackets and marines for the purpose of garrisoning the place.

Well informed persons discredit the report that the Reichstag will be asked to grant 8,000,000 marks for the expenses of Lieut. Wissman's East African expedition. The amount, they say, will be less than that sum. It is expected that during the debate on the East Africa bill, Lieut. Wissman will furnish the details of his expedition.

Referring to the story that the whisky trust had secured control of the St. Paul distillery, C. W. Hicks, the largest stockholder and general manager of the latter concern, says: "There is not a particle of truth in the story; even negotiations have not been entered into." The opinion is general in St. Paul, however, that there is some foundation for the rumor.

A Mr. Bageley, of Virginia, recently applied for a life insurance and was refused by the company in Washington on the ground that he had been bitten by a spitz dog Dec. 15 last. Mr. Bagley wrote to Dr. Pasteur on the subject, and to-day received a reply from the eminent scientist, in which he declares that the bite of a spitz dog is harmless, but that the animal should be kept under surveillance eight days after inflicting the wound in order to be sure that it does not show signs of rabies.

A Batavia, N. Y., dispatch says: "Suits have been commenced in the Supreme court by Hattie Johnson, of Oakfield, against about ten prominent residents of the same place, each, it is understood, being brought to recover $5,000 damages for alleged slander. Miss Johnson, who is a sister-in-law of that Mrs. Johnson who were instrumental in connecting her name with the Moore sensation, in a way derogatory to her reputation. State Senator Laughlin, of Buffalo, is the attorney for the plaintiff. This is the first outbreak of the case of Mrs. Joseph Moore, which caused such a sensation at Oakfield.

Public Printer Benedict transmitted to the Senate his annual report for the year 1888. Besides the usual statistical information required by statute the report contains exhibits illustrating the large increase in the growth of the public printing during the last three years. The conditions surrounding the execution of the public printing and the importance of the work of the office in its relations to the Federal departments is discussed. The public printer sets forth that under his charge the office has attained to complete an organization that it is fully adequate to the constant work before it, and that it has not at any time in late years been more fully abreast of its work.

Anthony Higgins, the new Senator from Delaware, is a resident of Wilmington, and was born in Cecil county, Maryland, Dec. 31, 1840. He graduated from Yale college in 1861, with the degree of A. B., and was admitted to the bar of New Castle county in May, 1864. He at once opened an office in Wilmington, in connection with the late Edward J. Bradford, afterwards United States District judge, and the founder of the Republican party in Delaware. Higgins was one of the original 1,000 persons in Delaware who voted the Republican ticket. A pronounced and active Republican, he was made chairman of the State committee of 1868, and in 1869 was appointed by President Grant United States district attorney for Delaware, which office he held until June, 1876. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1884. He took a front rank as a lawyer from the very first. He has been the leader of that faction of the Republicans of Delaware who have been favorable to Blaine. He has traveled extensively, and knows personally probably more prominent men in the country than any other Delawarean.

A Bourbon Backdown.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 21.

WASHINGTON.

BOTH FEET IN IT.

Two Senators Who Had a Tilt on the Salt Question.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—(Special.)—Senator Vance, who, with Mr. Vest, has been a leader of the Democrats all through the tariff debate, stirred up a hornets' nest in moving to put salt upon the free list. The handsome North Carolinian is a good debater, quick, witty and at all times good-natured and even-tempered. In repartee he has few equals in the Senate, and he illustrates nearly every point he makes by a good story. Vance was rather cornered, however, by some home thrusts from the Republican free lance, Mr. Plumb.

The two senators kept the senators and the gallery in a continuous roar of laughter for an hour by cross-fire debate on the subject of North Carolina peanuts, and the Kansan clearly got the best of it. He was able to do this chiefly because he found Mr. Vance, like every Democrat in the Senate, except, possibly, Mr Vest, eloquent in behalf of free trade, but watching with ferret-like eyes to see that no product of his own state should by any hook or crook get upon the free list.

Plumb is a rough and ready talker and a hard hitter. He says things in debate that none of his colleagues dare say, and everybody is afraid of him, Democrats and Republicans both, for he does not hesitate to attack his own party when he feels so disposed. In his characteristic and inimitable style, Mr. Plumb this afternoon brought out the fact that while Mr. Vance is crying for free salt and calling for a reduction of the duties on almost every item in the bill, he sat absolutely silent while the four principal products of North Carolina were left heavily protected—sumac, rice, meca and peanuts are all raised in North Carolina, they are all upon the dutiable list, and Mr. Vance has never suggested that they should be made free.

The jolly, white-haired Senator was plainly embarrassed by this shoulder hit from Plumb, and made a lame excuse for shutting his eye when the items were under discussion. His endeavors to turn the laugh upon the Kansas Senator by twitting him with inconsistency on tariff reduction tendencies were greatly enjoyed by the Senators and other spectators, but it was easy to see that the charge of local selfishness struck him as it always does. Plumb thinks the tariff is a local issue, and he can easily prove it by such Democrats as Vance, Gorman, Payne, Faulkner and others, who, while indorsing the Mills bill and the Democratic policy in a general way, keep their eyes wide open to see that the products of their own states are kept well protected.

HEADING HIM OFF.

Roger Q. Mills Not a Shining Light in These Days.

WASHINGTON, Jan 17.—Mr. Roger Q. Mills is mad. He has not been heard from as the leader of the House since the passage of the tariff bill which bears his name, and there seems now to be a disposition to deprive him of whatever prestige he has. By a considerable majority a bill, whose proper place was clearly with the committee on Ways and Means, was to-day sent to the committee on Appropriations, of which Mr. Randall is chairman. It was a revenue bill, and involved the complete repeal of the tobacco tax. It was introduced by Mr. Cowles, of North Carolina, who wears a saber cut an inch deep in the top of his bald head.

When he asked the reference of the bill to the committee on Appropriations, he bluntly stated that he did not want it referred to the Ways and Means committee, because it would in that case never be heard of again. Objection was made to this reference, and the result was that on a call of yeas and nays the committee on Ways and Means, Mills, McMillin, Breckinridge, and the rest of them, were downed, and the House gave a solid vote of confidence in Sam Randall, so great are the changes made by the results of the elections.

The bill introduced by Mr. Cowles is almost a counterpart of the provision for the repeal of the tobacco tax, which is found in the tariff bill of the Senate, and the vote is considered by many to be a possible indication that if the Senate tariff bill as a whole can be brought to a vote in the House, it will receive a majority of that body.

CIVIL SERVICE.

The New Order in the Postoffice Department Will Not Go Into Effect Until February 15.

WASHINGTON, Jan 17.—The Postoffice department has decided not to put into effect the new order extending the civil service to the employees of the railway mail service, until February 15. The officials of the department are hard at work preparing the rules to govern the examination and appointment of applicants, and they will soon be made public. It was at first intended that the examinations should take place in each Congressional district, but this plan has been found impracticable, and the examination will, therefore, be held in but two points in each state, excepting Rhode Island and Delaware, where it is thought that one location will be sufficient.

The Republican politicians and their office seeking friends who are now beginning to write numerous letters, and in many cases make personal visits to Washington, are raising a great howl of indignation at the idea of shutting the doors upon the 5,000 railway mail service employes, just 29 days before the Democrats go out of office. They charge that the remaining month of the power of appointment and removal will be used by the Democratic officials to get rid of the few Republicans left in office, so that when the civil service law descends upon them on February 15 there will be none but Democrats caught in the net.

When President Harrison assumes control of the administration he will be speedily urged to look into the matter of how civil service reform was applied to the railway mail service in the last dying days of the Democracy.

CANADIAN TIMBER.

A Bill to Keep It off the Great Lakes and Prevent Rafting.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Representative Farquhar, of Buffalo, has introduced a bill that, if adopted, would seriously interfere with the lumbermen who own Canadian stumpage and wish to raft logs across lake Huron. His bill provides that no raft of logs or timber shall be brought into, or taken out of any harbor or port of the United States on the Atlantic, Pacific or Gulf coast, or on any of the great lakes nor brought into or upon any of the great lakes from any river, stream, port or place in the Dominion of Canada or any other foreign port or be boomed, navigated or in any manner propelled on any of the great lakes or navigable streams within the United States. The penalty fixed is the forfeiture of the logs.

Reserve Agents.

WASHINGTON, January 16. — Yesterday the comptroller of the currency approved the reserve agents for the following Ohio national banks: The Citizens' National bank of Cincinnati as the reserve agent for the Ketcham National bank, at Toledo; Third National bank of New York as a reserve agent for the First National bank, of Circleville; the State National bank of Cleveland as reserve agent for the First National bank at Fostoria, the City National bank at Canton, and the Second National bank at Bucyrus.

FIVE NEW STATES.

Will the Senate Pass the Springer Omnibus Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The passage of the Springer Omnibus bill, for the admission as states of North and South Dakota, Washington, Montana and New Mexico, has caused a great amount of discussion here.

Many of the senators are opposed to the admission of New Mexico, on the ground that her population is mostly made up from the riff-raff of Europe, and that the people of that territory, as a whole, are unfit for the duties statehood would require.

The "omnibus" bill, in so far as it relates to Montana, authorizes the inhabitants of that territory to choose delegates to form a convention. The election shall be held on the second Monday in May, 1889. The number of delegates shall be 74.

The delegates shall meet on July 4, 1889, and are authorized to form a constitution and state government, provided that at the time of the election of delegates the constitution adopted by the constitutional convention held at Helena in 1884 shall be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection.

If the constitution is ratified, the convention authorized by this act shall resubmit it to the people with such changes only as may be necessary in order to comply with the provisions of this act. If again ratified the President of the United States may issue his proclamation declaring the state of Montana admitted as a state into the union from and after the date of the proclamation. Until otherwise provided the state of Montana shall be entitled to one representative in the House of Representatives.

The delegation from both South and North Dakota and other prominent Democrats of South Dakota, who have beenhere urging the passage of the Senate bill for the admission of South Dakota and an enabling act for North Dakota, feel very much dissatisfied with the provisions of the Springer bill.

They are all united in saying that it will merely serve to delay the admission of South Dakota, and render useless all that has been done since the organization of the movement for admission five years ago. They are asking the Senate to reject it.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Major McKinley Making Great Progress Towards the Speaker's Chair.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—(Special.)—Maj. McKinley's chances for being the speaker of the next House are increasing every hour. He has adopted the Senator Quay plan, and is saying nothing, but working with a will. Messrs. Reed, Cannon and Burrows have prejudiced their chances during the past week by trying to show the house their knowledge on parliamentary rules. The opinion of congressmen is that these gentlemen have injured rather than aided their chances.

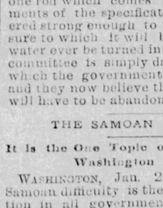
WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Maj McKinley has acted on the plan that silence is golden, and has kept his prospects unaffected by any oratory or parliamentary display. In the meantime, his trusty followers are gradually rounding up the stray sheep into his fold.

ABOUT MR. BLAINE.

Pretty Well Accepted That He Will be in the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—(Special.)—The politicians and cabinetmakers will probably find new food for speculation in the fact that Vice President-elect Morton and Mrs. Morton have taken quarters in the same house with Mr. Blaine and his family. In compliance with a request by telegraph, Mr. William Walter Phelps secured quarters at the Normandie for Mr. and Mrs. Morton. They expect to remain in Washington for several days. Cabinet gossips are sure there is now confirmed to accept it as certain that Blaine is to go into the Cabinet, notwithstanding the efforts that are being made to keep him out. Mr. Blaine's friends have no doubt of his receiving an invitation from General Harrison to join his official household.



James G. Blaine.

FOR MRS. SHERIDAN.

The Committee will Call Up the Pension Bill at an Early Date.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The House committee on Invalid Pensions has determined to call up for consideration on the next suspension day the bill granting a pension to Mrs. Irene Rucker Sheridan, widow of the late Gen. Sheridan. The bill passed the Senate last September and was reported favorably from the Senate committee December last.

The committee also decided to call up, at the first opportunity, the bill granting an increase of pension to persons who have lost both arms in the service. There are 21 such persons now on the pension rolls.

SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

The Aqueduct Job Was Worse Than Anybody Had Supposed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The following announcement is made here to-day: "The *Gazette* has it on the very highest authority, the source of which cannot be questioned, that the report of the joint Congressional committee now engaged in investigating affairs at Cincinnati will be in the nature of a great and painful surprise to the people of the district.

"We are told the testimony of the experts shows the work to have been more badly 'scamped' than the public had any idea of, and that in that portion of the tunnel supposed to have a second concrete lining there is not one rod which comes up to the requirements of the specifications and is considered strong enough to withstand the pressure to which it will be subjected should water ever be turned into the tunnel. The committee is simply dazed by the way in which the government has been swindled, and they now believe that the entire work will have to be abandoned.

THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.

It is the One Topic of Conversation in Washington To-Day.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—(Special.)—The Samoan difficulty is the topic of conversation in all governmental circles to-day. The news is regarded by men of both parties as showing that the state of affairs in Samoa is very serious.

Republican senators are not disposed to say much about the situation, because they realize that the Samoan question will be left a legacy to Mr. Harrison's administration, and no one cares to take a stand that would be at variance with a policy they may be forced to advocate after March 4.

Secretary Bayard says the situation is indeed a serious one.

Secretary Whitney said he thought the time had arrived for this government to establish and maintain a definite line of policy with regard to the islands of the Pacific ocean.

Senator Frye said: "The whole tenor of instructions sent to our consuls has been such as to encourage the Germans to further outrages and insults."

Representative Romeis said: "If Germans are acting, as the reports would seem to indicate, it is about time this government asserted its rights and took some steps to protect its citizens.

"But the administration has been very weak in its handling of our foreign relations. It seems as if every government, while perhaps they do not care to fight, use every opportunity to kick us.

"We should resent it, but the present condition of our navy is not calculated to awe any foreign power. I am a believer in a good navy, and to prepare in time of peace for war.

"The Vandalia, which was ordered to Samoa, was held back, whether on account of poor machinery I do not know. When I was engaged in shipping it was oftimes convenient to find something wrong with the steamer, when we did not want to sail."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the National Association.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The opening session of the 21st annual convention of the National Woman Suffrage association was held in the Congregational church at Tenth and G streets. On the platform were seated Miss Susan B. Anthony, Clara B. Colby, editor of the *Woman's Tribune*; May Wright Sewall, of Indiana; Abigail Scott Duniway, Oregon; Miss Lucy Anthony, Senator Blair, of New Hampshire; A. G. Riddle, of Washington; Fred Douglass and several others prominent in the woman suffrage movement.

In the absence of the president of the association, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony presided.

In introducing Mr. Riddle, who made the opening address, Miss Anthony said for the twenty-first time during the last twenty years they had assembled in this city. "We are here now, as before, for the purpose of declaring our sentiments, that all people of legal age are citizens, and that no state can in justice restrict this right by legislation."

She spoke of the large audience present as indicative of the growing interest in the question of equal suffrage for women and declared that it was her settled conviction that success would at last crown the efforts that had been made for the political elevation of women.

CLASSIFYING THE CLERKS.

The Increases in Salaries Which Will Follow It.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22—The officials at the postoffice department have gone to work on the scheme to classify the clerks in the larger postoffices, and will soon have it in shape. It is doubtful if anything more is attempted this year than the classification of the clerks in first-class offices. If the experiment works well, then it will be extended to the second-class offices in another year. The scale of salaries will run from $600 to $1,400, making probably nine classes below the assistant superintendents or chief clerks of divisions.

A certain number of places in the different grades will be assigned to each postoffice, and the postmaster will be allowed to fill them by appointment of clerks now in the service, subject to the approval of the department. In placing the clerks in different grades, the postmaster will be expected to regard both efficiency and length of service. The increase in the appropriations required by the classification cannot be determined until the classification itself has been made. It may be about $300,000. A rough estimate was made at the department last summer of the cost of increasing the salaries of all clerks at the first and second class offices $100,000, and it footed up $470,000. The total expenditure for clerk hire last year was $5,505,519, and the estimates for the coming year are $6,600,000.

ALASKAN AFFAIRS.

Some Pointed Passages From Governor Swineford's Report.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The Speaker has laid before the House a report from Governor Swineford on the Alaskan Commercial company. He says that he reiterates what he has heretofore said about the company. Within the wide limit over which this company operates, he says, the natives are little better than mere serfs. "In most places," he says, "they are subjected to the double robbery of being compelled to part with their furs at less than half their value and in return are charged two or three prices for the goods they can only buy at the company's stores. Notwithstanding the reply of this company," says Governor Swineford, "in which the charges made in my annual report against it are so positively denied, I now and here reiterate every word of those charges, though I know full well that an investigation made by a committee of Congress holding its sessions in Washington and calling as witnesses only those who have been recipients of the company's favors, is not likely to arrive at any just conclusion as to their truth or falsity. I can only say that each and every statement I have made concerning the operations of this company is susceptible of the clearest and most convincing proof, but the evidence will not be found lying around loose in the cities of Washington and San Francisco; it must be sought for among the people who have suffered." He complains that the natives are compelled to take little or nothing for skins caught by them, from the company, and of this little receive a greater part in goods. He cites several instances which came under his notice.

He also says that the company encourages the natives in their besetting vice, drunkenness, in order to keep them in subjection. It has also, he says, violated the law in allowing the importation of firearms and driven away from the islands every government official who refused to do its bidding. In conclusion, Governor Swineford recommends that the monopoly of the Commercial company be broken up and if this company again receive the lease of the Seal islands that their business be restricted to those islands, that they be not allowed to control the whole country or engage in the store business. He says the only way to have the facts about Alaska brought out is the visit of a Congressional committee to Alaska, and he heartily favors it.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—(Special.)—Now that a final vote on the Senate tariff bill is approaching, the general matter of surprise is upon its reception when reported to the House.

Some rumors have been afloat that an effort would be made to refer it to Mr. Randall's appropriation committee.

Republican members of the Ways and Means committee, at a caucus last night, decided to join the Democratic members of that committee in resisting a reference to any other than the Ways and Means committee.

A final vote will be taken this afternoon at 5 o'clock, and as clerks have engrossed the bill as rapidly as read it will be reported to the House this week.

THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

It Will Pass To-Day—Aid From an Unexpected Source.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—(Special.)—The voting on the amendments to the Senate tariff bill will be commenced this afternoon, and all indications point to the fact that the bill will have the Republican vote of the Senate, with the addition, perhaps, of Senator Brown, of Georgia.

The final vote on the bill will be taken at 5 o'clock, this afternoon.

When the bill goes to the House it will be referred to the committee on Ways and Means. Then will commence the fine work among the Democratic obstructionists. If the Bourbons are still unshaken in their faith in the Mills bill they will be given a chance to reject the Senate substitute, and throw it into a conference from which it could never emerge.

If, however, it is found that enough protection Democrats favor it to make it a law, then the bill will not be reported from the committee on Ways and Means, so that there is little chance of it becoming a law at this session.

Congressional Summary.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Senate—Messages were presented from the President in regard to affairs in Samoa and Hayti. After other morning hour business the tariff bill was taken up, and at 6 p. m. the Senate adjourned.

House—The bill to admit the territories was discussed. Pending further debate the House passed a bill making Columbus, Ohio, a port of delivery, and at 5:15 p. m. adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Senate—Unimportant bills were reported, and consideration of the tariff bill resumed and continued until 5 p. m., when the Senate adjourned.

House.—Notice of Representative Hovey's resignation was laid before the House. The territorial bills were taken up and considered until 5 p. m., when the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Senate—Resumed discussion on the tariff, and the clause granting a bounty of one cent a pound to sugar producers was agreed to.

House—The territorial admission bills were considered. After several amendments being discussed the House finally agreed to the "omnibus" (Springer's) bill, with amendments, as a substitute for the Senate measure by a vote of yeas 140, nays 98.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Senate—Mr. Hoar's credentials were presented, also the certificate of the election of Anthony Higgins as Senator from Delaware. The tariff bill was taken up and considered until 5:20 p. m.

House—The Senate bill was passed providing for circuit courts in certain districts. A bill to regulate immigration was reported. The fortifications appropriation bill was considered and passed. Resolutions expressive of sorrow at the death of E. W. Robertson, of Louisiana, were adopted after a number of addresses.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Senate.—A bill was passed authorizing the Omaha & Fort Dodge railway to build its road across the Fort Hayes military reservation, in Kansas. A communication was presented from the governor of Michigan presenting for Statutory hall a statue of Lewis Cass. The tariff bill was considered and an agreement reached to take a vote at 5 p. m. to-morrow. A night session was held to continue to debate.

House—There was filibustering to force an agreement for amendments to the Oklahoma bill. A resolution was finally adopted to make the Oklahoma bill A special order for Thursday next, and to take a vote at 4 o'clock. A bill was passed authorizing the five Indian nations to lease coal lands; also a bill increasing the max mum of international money orders from $50 to $100. At 4:40 p. m. the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Senate—Voting on the amendments to the Senate tariff bill a final vote to be taken on the bill at 5 o'clock.

House—Refused to consider the election case of contested election case of Elliott vs. Smalls, and went into committee of the whole on the River and Harbor appropriation bill.

KANSAS IS LOADED.

She Will Stand no Foolishness from Big Corporations.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 19.—(Special.)—A bill introduced in the legislature is attracting the close attention of members and of the representatives of the various corporations operating in the state. It gives the board of Railroad Commissioners supervision over telephone and telegraph lines, and sleeping car and express companies.

Among other provisions are the following: The commissioners shall have power and are required, on complaint, to fix reasonable charges for services, and fix a reasonable delivery of parcels or messages in any city or town of the state of any express or telegraph company.

The same board shall also have the power to fix reasonable charges for the use of berths in sleeping cars, including therein such requirements to be observed by the sleeping car companies as to the board may seem right for the comfort and accommodation of the persons using such cars.

The board may also, on application by any resident of a town or city fix the limits within which a telegraph or express company must deliver messages or parcels free of charge.

Heavy penalties are provided for violations. Reasonable charges for telephone service shall also be fixed, upon application, in a similar manner.

CABINET GOSSIP.

Some Interesting Talk from the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The politicians and cabinet-makers, says the *Star*, will probably find new food for speculation in the fact that Vice-President-elect Morton and Mrs. Morton have taken quarters in the same house with Mr. Blaine and his family.

In compliance with a request by telegraph, Mr. William Walter Phelps has secured quarters at the Normandy for Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and they are expected here to-morrow.

They expect to remain in Washington for several days. Gossipers are more than inclined to accept it as certain that Blaine is to go into the cabinet, notwithstanding the efforts that are being made to keep him out. Mr. Blaine's friends have no doubt of his receiving an invitation from Gen. Harrison to join his official household.

The friends of Mr. Miller in Congress are inclined to make a great deal of the visit of his friend, Mr. Plummer, to Gen. Harrison. They say that Mr. Plummer was sent for directly by Gen. Harrison, and that the result of the visit was to encourage the hopes of the Miller men.

Some of the anti-Blaine members of both houses of congress have dug up the old Peruvian claims scandal that was investigated by the house committee during the 47th congress and are attempting to show Gen. Harrison that Mr. Blaine's association with the matter was too intimate for discretion during his brief term as secretary of state.

A great deal was said at the time about this Peruvian business and the connection of Walker, Blaine and Senator Blair with it as attorneys for the company.

Mr. Blaine, the elder, was before the committee, and at that time the famous tilt between him and Perry Belmont occurred.

About a week ago some senators and representatives in Congress who wanted to keep Blaine out of the cabinet caused a search to be made among the files of the State department relating to these Peruvian claims in the hopes of finding something which in connection with the developments at the investigation might turn new light on the subject.

They have gathered all the information on the subject which could be construed to reflect on Mr. Blaine, and have sent, or intend to send at once, a paper on the subject to Gen. Harrison as an argument why Mr. Blaine should not be made secretary of State.

ON TO OKLAHOMA.

"Pawnee Bill" Means Business—His Line of Action Mapped Out.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 19.—(Special.)—Major Lillie (Pawnee Bill), last evening stated that the preliminaries for the Oklahoma invasion were progressing favorably and that he would cross the line of the territory February 1.

Between 500 and 1,000 people in wagons and on horseback will leave this city on the 28th to be joined at points along the line of march by others. It is expected that the number will be 5,000 when the line of the territory is reached.

Many who are not members of the colony will take advantage of the crowd to get into Oklahoma. Besides these are the colonies from the East and South.

The rendezvous is not yet made public, and, it is claimed, has not yet been decided upon. The old cattle trail into the territory from Caldwell is joined a short distance south by forks from Hunnewell and Arkansas City.

The latter is called the "Boomer" trail. One of those will be taken by the invading party. The cattle trail is a public highway, about six miles wide, from Caldwell, and no one can be prevented from traversing it.

At Salt Fork, in the territory, the party will leave the trail and strike into the promised land of Oklahoma.

"At this point the conflict is expected with the soldiers," said Pawnee Bill.

"What can the troops do?" was asked.

"Nothing," was the reply; "they can't shoot, because the offense will only be trespass. They can only arrest the trespasser and carry him to a trial point. They cannot compel a man to walk after arrest, and may carry him away.

"Now, the interesting point is, how a few soldiers are going to arrest and carry away ten or fifteen thousand men. It is a conundrum that they can ponder on for some time. The invasion is going through, and we will halt in the heart of Oklahoma."

A FIGHT WITH A ROOSTER.

A Big Plymouth Rock Assaults a Child, While Hunting Eggs.

FT. WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 22.—While driving out on the Prairie road near South Bend, Sunday, Orlando Martin heard the screams of a little child, near the farm of Henry Kale

Martin at once got out of his vehicle and ran into the yard, and was surprised to see a large Plymouth Rock rooster standing over the prostrate form of a little girl.

The rooster was crowing in triumph, and as Martin approached he saw that the cock had been fighting the little girl, who was lying on her back, with her hands over her face, and screaming from pain and fear.

Her hands, wrists and face were covered with blood. The rooster had savagely attacked her, and had attempted to get at her eyes, as was evident from the spur marks on the child's face.

Martin's arrival was timely, as the child was almost exhausted from the contest with the rooster.

The little girl's name is Ethel, and she is two and a half years old.

While her mother was engaged in a remote place, the child had started out to hunt eggs, and had the encounter with the enraged fowl.

Her injuries are severe, but it is thought her eyesight will not be impaired.

THE DEADLOCK BROKEN.

A President of the West Virginia Legislature Elected—Carr the Lucky Man.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Jan. 22.—The deadlock in the Senate was broken last evening by electing R. S. Carr, Union Labor Senator from this city, president of the Senate. He received 16 votes, nine of which were Democrats, who claim that it was their victory. The balance of organization will take place this afternoon. The ballot on which Carr was elected was the 126th. The deadlock lasted since the 9th inst.

The report that there will be a dual government in this state has been killed by the election of president of the Senate, who will become governor of the State, March 4, if Goff or Fleming, who are now contesting, be not seated. The constitution of the state provides for this case.

The legislature will go into the election of a United States Senator to-day. The Republican caucus nominated Goff.

The Democrats have been holding a conference with the intention of turning it into a caucus, but owing to the opposition which was developed against Senator Kenna, they have been unable to do so. Eight members are reported as absolutely refusing to support him should he be nominated, and a repetition of the deadlock of two years ago seems imminent.

SENATOR WASHBURN.

The Choice of the Republicans of the State of Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 19.—The Republican caucus has selected Gen. W. D. Washburn as a successor to D. M. Sabin in the United States Senate, and he will be chosen on joint ballot.

[William Drew Washburn was born at Livermore, Me., January 14, 1831, and is the youngest of that remarkable family of sons of whom Israel Washburn, sr., was the father. This family included Elihu B., secretary of State and minister to France; Cadwallader C., major-general during the war, congressman and governor of Wisconsin; Charles A., minister to Paraguay and first editor *Aita Californian*; Israel, jr., governor of Maine and congressman, and Samuel B., commander in navy during the war. Gen. Washburn was graduated at Bowdoin in 1854, studied law, was admitted to the bar and then emigrated to Minnesota in 1857. He was surveyor-general of Minnesota in 1861 and during Lincoln's administration. Since then he has been busy amassing a large fortune in lumbering and milling. He owns the great Washburn flour mills and elevators at Minneapolis, of which city he is perhaps the most distinguished citizen.]

KILLED IN A WRECK.

Three Well Known Men Meet Death in a Railroad Smashup.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Jan. 21.—As the eastbound train on the Northwestern railroad was nearing Elmwood, Mich., at 1 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, one of the trucks under the rear car gave out and the coach left the track. The coach was dragged about five car lengths, when it smashed into a stump and the following people were killed:

JOHN A. MACDONALD, lieutenant governor of Michigan.

WM. F. COCHRANE, of Escanaba, inventor of the Cochrane rolling mill, and treasurer of the Cochrane Mining company, of Escanaba.

HORACE H. FUTELE, of Futile, Oglebay & Co., a prominent iron firm of Cleveland and superintendent of the Commonwealth Milling company, and who has extensive mining interests in the Gogebec district.

Coke Re-elected.

AUSTIN, Tex., Jan. 22.—The Hon. Richard Coke has been re-elected to the United States Senate from Texas, without opposition.

FOREIGN.

TROUBLE IN SAMOA.

Bloodshed at Apia and Riot on All Sides.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 19.—The steamer Alameda arrived here this morning from Samoa. A correspondent writing from Apia, Samoa, under date of January 5, says:

A most serious state of affairs exist in Samoa. On the night of December 19 some men from the German men-of-war Adler, Olga and Eber attacked Mataafa's soldiers under direction of the German consul and Capt. Fritz, the senior German naval officer in port.

As a result of the encounter 22 German sailors were killed and 32 wounded.

Since then the German war ships have burned the American houses and flags, torn down the United States flags, seized some American citizens in neutral water of Apia harbor, and taken them prisoners on board the German man-of-war. A boat's crew from a German vessel, in command of an officer, shot at the captain and lieutenant of an English man-of-war.

A LETTER FROM STANLEY.

Tippoo Tib Held no Ill-Feeling Toward Him Up to August 12.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 16.—The following letter, written by Henry M. Stanley, has been received in this city dated as follows:

"BOMA OF BONALYA, Muretia, Aug. 17.—To Sheikh Hamed Ben Mahomed. From his good friend, Henry M. Stanley. Many salaams to you.

"I hope that you are in as good health as I am, and that you have remained in good health since I left the Congo.

"I have much to say to you, but hope I shall see you face to face before many days.

"I reached here this morning with 130 Wangwanga, three soldiers and 66 natives belonging to Emin Pasha. It is now 82 days since I left Emin Pasha on the Nyanza. I only lost three men all the way. Two were drowned and the other decamped.

"I found the white men who were looking for Emin Pasha quite well. The other white man, Casati, is also well. Emin Pasha has ivory in abundance, thousands of cattle and sheep, goats and fowls, and food of all kinds.

"I found him a very good and kind man. He gave all our white and black men numbers of things. His liberality could not be excelled. His soldiers blessen our black men for their kindness in coming so far to show them the way. Many of them were ready to follow me out of the country, but I asked them to stay quiet a few months, that I might return and fetch the other men and goods left at Yambunga.

"They prayed to God that He would give me strength to finish my work.

"May their prayers be heard. And, now, my friend, what are you going to do?

"We have gone the road twice over. We know where it is bad and where it is good, where there is plenty of food and where there is none; where all the camps are, and where we shall sleep and rest.

"I am waiting to hear your words. If you go with me it is well, I leave it to you. I will stay here ten days and will then proceed slowly.

"I will move hence to Big Island, two hours' march from here, above this place. There are plenty of houses and plenty of food for the men there. Whatever you have to say to me my ears will be open, with a good heart, as it has always been toward you.

"Therefore, if you come, come quickly, for on the eleventh morning I shall move on.

"All my white men are well, but I left them all behind except my servant, William, who is with me.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

Sheikh Hamed Ben Mahomed, to whom the above letter is addressed, is the Arab, Tippoo Tib.

The letter, which was taken to Stanley Falls by a messenger, and which reached Brussels by post last night, is the only one from Stanley which has been received from the coast of Africa.

A number of other letters which the messenger conveyed to Stanley Falls still remain there, but it is expected that they will arrive in Europe in two or three months.

THE ZANZIBAR TROUBLE.

Germans Must Evacuate or the Missionaries Will Not be Released.

ZANZIBAR, Jan. 17.—The Arabs have destroyed the German missionary station at Tugu, fifteen miles west of Dar-es-Salaam. A majority of the slaves captured by the German man-of-war Leipsig, were lodged at the station.

One missionary succeeded in escaping from the Arabs, but eight others were massacred.

Three bodies, one of them that of a woman, were found mutilated in a barbarous manner.

The Arabs carried off the servants and slaves at the station.

The French missionary stations, especially those situated near Tugu, are in imminent danger.

The Arabs who are now joining in the slave trade come principally from Kilwa and Lindi, and are richer and more influential than Bushiri, and are likely to overshadow him.

These accessions to the ranks of the slave traders will have the effect of re-invigorating them, which would have died out if the Germans had not retained Bogamoyo and Dar-es-Salaam.

ZANZIBAR, Jan. 22.—The Arabs have made the evacuation of the coast by the Germans, the first condition to the release of the missionaries who have been captured by them.

The naval garrison at Dar es Salaam has been compelled to withdraw, owing to a severe outbreak of fever among the men.

Further fighting occurred at Bagomoyo on Saturday. The coast Arabs are jubilant over their recent victories and captures.

The Italian war ship Dagoli has withdrawn from the blockade.

Large shipments of arms and ammunition are arriving from Belgium, England and Germany.

The British Indians are preparing a petition demanding compensation for the ruin brought upon their trade by the fighting of the insurgents and the Germans.

THE CHINESE PALACE.

A Great Loss to Be Soon Repaired—A Description of the Ruined Building.

SHANGHAI, Jan. 22.—The imperial palace at Pekin presents a sad appearance, and little was saved from the flames. The quarter of the palace in which the royal family lived was saved, but not without tremendous exertions. An immense annex filled with unique ornaments and valuable works was destroyed, and the main portion of the building is a total wreck. Steps are now being taken to repair the damage to the building caused by the conflagration, but a great portion of the loss is irreparable.

The imperial palace of the Chinese Emperor is situated in the inner area of the city, and consists of a series of court yards and buildings superior to any other buildings of the kind in China. A gate known as the Meridian gate leads to the imperial buildings. Passing the gate, one enters a large court paved with marble and terminated on all sides by gates, porticoes and pilloried corridors.

At the head of the second court is a marble structure 110 feet high called the "gate of extensive peace." Here the emperor on stated occasions received the homage of his courtiers. A stairway leads from this hall to the "tranquil palace of heaven," into which no one can enter without special permission. This palace contains the council chamber, and is the most magnificent of all the Chinese palaces.

Beyond it is "the palace of earth's repose," where the Emperor holds his court, and all around are elegant pavilions, temples and groves, interspersed with artificial lakes and streams. The offices of the Cabinet and Treasury lie to the east of the last named palace.

To the north are numerous palaces occupied by princes of the blood, and to the west the hall of distinguished sovereigns, statesmen and literati, the printing office, the court of comptrollers, and the guardian temple of the city. Many of the buildings are constructed with porcelain outsides.

PLENTIFULLY MARRIED.

John Parker Charged With Having Wedded Six Wives Beyond Doubt, and Possibly Eight.

BARNESVILLE, O., Jan. 19.—John Parker, the colored man in jail here charged with bigamy, appears to be a much married man. He is charged with positively being the husband of no less than six women, besides two more with whom his marital relations are in doubt. It is claimed that his wives reside in Delaware, Columbus, Cleveland, Newark, Zanesville, and Mansfield, respectively. His Delaware wife, a comely little woman, arrived this evening and confronted her husband in jail. She stated that she was married to Parker twelve years ago, and had four children by him. He deserted her three years ago. When the other wives come to testify against him an interesting scene is expected. The case is attracting great attention among the people of the town and vicinity.

DRIVEN INSANE.

Sad Story of the Inmate of a Wisconsin Dance House.

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—The stories of the horrors suffered by the unfortunate girl in the dance-house stockades in Northern Wisconsin were recalled by a scene in the court of Insane Inquiry this morning. A slight young girl, dressed in black, was led in. She was handsome, with a pale face and dark eyes. Her hair, of jetty black, was cut short and just reached her shoulders. Hattie Nathan was her name, so the doctor told Judge Prendergast. He said her ailment was acute mania.

As he spoke the prisoner glanced behind her and cowered in her chair, muttering, "Save me; they are after me; I hear them barking, and the men are right behind them."

Hattie Nathan is the daughter of parents who live in Oconto, Wis. She was a wayward girl, and got into trouble, which resulted in her entering one of the brothels near Marinette. She soon realized the horrors of her position, and made repeated but unsuccessful attempts to escape, with the result that she became demented. Then she was released.

She next appeared at the door of a house of ill-repute in this city, and was cared for. She has remained there since, being rational a portion of the time. Of late her dementia has been more acute, and the result was to-day's proceedings. She will be sent back to her home in Oconto.

RETURNED FOR HIS BRIDE.

The Romance of a Wealthy Man Who Was Once a Tramp.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Frank C. Brownbridge is the cashier of a well known restaurant in Broadway, near Madison square, and lives in a flat on Ormond place, Brooklyn, with his twenty-year-old daughter Edith. One night in 1885, while going home from his work, he saw a young man leaning against a tree in Madison square whose face showed lines of want, and yet which retained traces of good breeding. He took him to an all-night restaurant, and, after giving him a good meal, learned his history.

His name was Courtney Fielding Lawton, and he was the youngest son of a clergyman at Ashford, Kent, England, and at his father's death was left penniless. Mr. Brownbridge took an interest in the young man, and secured him a position with an insurance company. Then he verified Lawton's statements and took him to his home, where the young people fell in love.

Lawton went to his benefactor, and, after telling him how matters stood, the latter secured him a position in Des Moines. Last Sunday Lawton called at the flat and related his story. He said that after many changes in the West he had made money in the lumber trade, and was now doing a good business near Spokane Falls, in Washington Territory. It is said that there will soon be a wedding in the flat on Ormond place.

A CAT IN THE ORGAN.

The Mystery of Long Standing Has at Last Been Solved.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 19.—There has been a mystery about the large pipe organ at St. Paul's cathedral for a week. Whenever H. R. Fuller, the organist, touched the keys, weird noises were heard in the interior.

There were was a large attendance at the special morning service to-day. The Rev. Dr. Lockwood was in the middle of the benediction when a large, wild-looking maltese cat made a flying leap over the head of the organist and landed near W. J. West, a member of the choir, fastening its claws in his knee. Before the cat could be seized it was half way down the side aisle.

A gentleman in the rear tried to catch it but only succeeded in making it double on its tracks and go rushing up the main aisle straight for Dr. Lockwood. The worthy rector lost his place in the prayer as he caught sight of the wild-eyed cat rapidly approaching. The cat did all pause but perched between the feet of the excited choir boys. A few seconds later and the cat was back again in its old quarters in the organ. It was some time before the interrupted service could be resumed.

An investigation showed that the cat had made her home in the organ and had broken several of the smaller "trackers."

THE FIRST ORDER.

Governor Beaver, as Chief Marshal, Issues His First Instructions.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Gov. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, as chief marshal of the inaugural parade, to-day issued the following order:

General Orders No. 1.

First. Having accepted the invitation of the committee in charge of the inaugural ceremonies attending the inauguration of Hon. Benjamin Harrison as President of the United States to act as chief marshal of the inaugural procession the following appointment is announced:

Chief of staff, Brig. Gen. D. H. Hastings, adjutant general of Pennsylvania.

Second—